

# CHARLEY JONES' LAUGH BOOK

MAY • 1953

AMERICA'S FOREMOST  
HUMOR PUBLICATION

P.D.C.



MAGAZINE

35¢

## CORONATION ISSUE

JACKIE GLEASON and MARTHA RAYE

Crowned King and Queen of Laughs

—with important remarks by EARL WILSON



TS BY:

THE KING AND QUEEN OF COMEDY  
SID CEASAR • BOB HAWK • MARIE WILSON

## Midtown Traffic Drama



"Get outta my way you stupid, blankety, blank woman driver. Move that bag of bolts or I'll come over and . . ."



"Oh, pardon me, sir. You're with this young lady? Pleased to meet you. Yes, indeed. You WILL? Well maybe I was . . . Now . . . Now . . . we mustn't lose our tempers . . ."



"Now isn't that too bad! You DID signal, didn't you. How did I FAIL to see your pink tootsies waving from the window?"



"Hey, now! Don't do that. Don't talk this over . . . I'm sure we can . . . Please mister . . . I'll . . . I'll . . . DROP THAT TIRE IRON! I'LL APOLOGIZE!"

—Starring Eric Wakleen, Everett, Washington

## Charley Jones' LAUGH BOOK



May 1 • Vol. 8  
1953 No. 10  
**MAGAZINE**

• America's foremost humor magazine, published monthly and dedicated to the policy of providing something for everyone. The jokes, verse, quips and other materials are supplied by the readers themselves thus making each edition an up-to-the-minute revue of the humor currently popular on the Main Streets of all America.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS:

U. S. and Possessions (Guam, Alaska and Hawaii) 1 Yr. \$5.; 2 years, \$9.; 3 yrs., \$12. Canada 1 Yr. \$8.50; 2 yrs., \$15.00. Foreign: 1 Yr. \$12.00; 2 yrs., \$21.00.

### EXPIRATIONS:

Check address label on the envelope. X-6-55, for example, means your subscription expires with the May 1955 issue.

### ADDRESS CHANGES:

Send new address at least 30 days before date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address with the new, enclosing your address label if possible.

• Unsolicited short humor up to 1000 words accepted at current rates. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish manuscript returned.

• Office of Publication: Parsons, Kansas. Editorial and Executive Offices for Laugh Book Magazine are located at 412 North Main, Wichita, Kansas. Manuscripts should be sent to this office. Other correspondence may be sent to Parsons, Kansas, or to Wichita, Kansas. Entered March 29, 1951, as second class matter at the post office in Parsons, Kansas under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1953  
Jayhawk Publications

## In This Issue:

- Letter From Charley . . . . . Page 2
- Salute from Earl Wilson . . . . . Page 4
- Oh, Finance Company  
—by Buddy Mason . . . . . Page 14
- Mens' Fashions for Spring  
—by Dan Valentine . . . . . Page 20
- Yoo Hoo, There Goes Flattertail  
—by Howard R. Clark . . . . . Page 32
- My Wife Sells Greeting Cards  
—L. B. Clerk . . . . . Page 53
- Lustrine Gazette . . . . . Page 56
- Readers Page . . . . . Page 62

PLUS scores of jokes, quips, verses, cartoons, bright sayings and sharp bits of humor from everywhere.

A NEW ISSUE ON SALE  
EACH MONTH

Publisher . . . . . CHARLES E. JONES  
Editor . . . . . KEN BERGLUND  
Promotion Manager . . . . . ART LEVY



## Letter From Charley

### Dear Friends:

Gosh, have I got news for you this time!

The answer is that I have and that I'm fairly bubbling over. Guess what! Our little old town of Wichita has been selected as one of the "ten fun cities of America" as a result of Laugh Book Magazine being published here. The selection was made by the National Laugh Week Foundation, through the co-operation of Snickers Candy Bar.

What a Snicker!

You see, the Mayor of this here town, a nice fellow by the name of Jump, and myself had been doing a bit a feuding over civic matters for several months. Then Wichita gets selected as one of the ten fun cities and I get to present His Honor with a scroll designating it as such. And in the process we bury the hatchet without burying it in each other's heads and now everybody's happy and the gossip hangs high.

What more fitting way to kick off National Laugh Week than that! Differences are forgotten and we have a good laugh all around and the world is happier once more. That's exactly what National Laugh Week is, at least in part, and I've got more to

tell you on the subject just a little bit further down.

But first I want to name for you the other nine fun cities. Of course New York, Hollywood and Chicago were selected for their humorous contributions in the field of radio, TV, stage and films. Cincinnati made it as the home of Barker Greeting Cards and its humor testing laboratory; Washington, D. C. is on the list as the seat of the wealth of political humor emanating therefrom; Dallas, Texas was included as a result of its being the point of origin of so many of those tall Texas tales and the home of the Lone Star State Snickers; Hartford, Connecticut crashed the party with its huge toy making industry; the hill-billy showmans of Nashville, Tenn. won that enterprising title its place of honor on the list and Colon, Mich. was honored similarly because of its being the home of creative gimmicks for the use of magicians.

Proud to be on that list! Your darned tootin' we are. And proud also that our poor efforts through all of these years have at least brought this one honor to the place we now call our home town after nearly thirty years of residence.

And that isn't all we've got to tell

proud about either! Just hold onto your hat!

This issue of Laugh Book Magazine goes on sale on the news stands of the United States, Canada and Mexico on April 1. And that, of course, is April Fool's Day. But it is also more than that. It is the opening day of National Laugh Week.

National Laugh Week is a week set aside each year to inspire and encourage the use of humor in every day life. It is dedicated to the idea of bigger laughs for better living—not on this one week alone but throughout every day of the year. National Laugh Week is sponsored by the National Laugh Week Foundation and is co-sponsored by the Museum of American Comedy and the National Association of Gagwriters.

This year the name of a new co-sponsor was added to that list. You guessed it! The new name is that of Laugh Book Magazine!

So I wasn't kidding when I said I was running over with news this time. Honest, I'm as nervous as a pedestrian going through a change of light! (A subscriber recently pulled that one on me in a letter concerning his subscription. Wish I could remember who.)

That we were honored thus could only have come through influence. And do you know who it was that brought this influence to bear?

It was YOU!

And a hundred thousand others just like you!

Without question there is no one who appreciates the use of humor in every day life more than you do. Laugh Book readers are the cream of the crop where humor is concerned. They are the people who enjoy good stories, who go out of their way to please them, and then enrich the lives of those around them with the humor which they love.

They are the jokers in any crowd. They are the ones who make life in the shop, office or factory more endurable. They are the ones who stop boredom in its tracks with the wise crack, the pun, the story, the humorous verse. They are the people upon whom the entire success of National Laugh Week hinges. Their is the task of keeping the world laughing as it goes about its everyday tasks, far removed from the stage, the screen, the television, the radio and from books and magazines.

That's YOU!

And very humbly I wish to thank you for this honor which has come to us through your efforts to sustain bigger laughs for better living the whole year through.

There is another task which now confronts us if we are to finish the job properly and well. Not only must we continue in the future as in the past, but we must also encourage others to do likewise. We must by example lead those around us to see the great dividend of added happiness which they can enjoy in bringing happiness to others through the use of humor. We must laugh at our own foibles, our own weaknesses, our own troubles that others may laugh with us and learn to do likewise.

So National Laugh Week is now upon us. The King and Queen of this happy occasion are Jackie Gleason and Martha Raye. This special Coronation Issue was created in their honor and they are caricatured for us on the cover by artist Bob Miller. Immediately following these pages you'll find a specially written coronation message by Columnist Earl Wilson, whose daily column, "It Happened Last Night", appears in newspapers all over the country. On succeeding pages you'll likewise find special messages addressed to this special

Please turn to Page 8

Chicago and fed the phone about \$10 worth of quarters. I'd been talking to Stevenson's office in Springfield, getting some of his favorite jokes.

He had them card-filed, just like every experienced public speaker does, and his office gave me about a half hour's worth, starting with "A politician is a man who faces every question with an open mouth," on down to, "If our opposition will stop lying about us, we will stop telling the truth about them."

### QUIPS FROM THE GENIAL BISHOP

Lately we've seen Bishop Fulton J. Sheen make great use of humor on television to lighten serious subjects.

He was talking one night about the problems of youth, and got onto B-Bop and hot-rods. He said he supposed now the kids would be saying, "Dig the Bishop."

When people called him "Uncle Fultie," and quoted Milton Berle's suggestion that his program be renamed, "Howdy Deity," the Bishop seemed to enjoy it tremendously.

When he returned to his program after a five-month absence, his opening line was, "Long time, no Sheen."

His favorite story, he has said, concerns the time he wore his scarlet robes into a restaurant in Toledo one morning, and waited rather impatiently until the waitress finally got to serving him. When she did get there at last, she noticed his anxiousness to be served but dismissed it with, "Well, what'll you have, Cock Robin?"

President Eisenhower . . . although evidently not interested in becoming a great story teller . . . nevertheless is possessed of a fine sense of humor.

And he is conscious of the need of humor.

When he was planning his trip to Korea, he took the precaution of obtaining from Harry Herschfield some gags that would be appropriate to tell the GIs. He had little opportunity to use them . . . but he had 'em.

Occasionally he tells of the paratrooper who was in a plane he was once riding on. This paratrooper grew extremely excited as the plane was making a normal descent, and ran from window to window, looking downward. He even looked over the General's shoulder, and the General finally said to the paratrooper:

"Haven't you ever been in a plane before?"

"Yes sir," replied the paratrooper, "17 times, sir, but this is the first time I've ever landed."

But I thought this article was supposed to be about Martha Raye and Jackie Gleason. . . .

In saluting them, let me point out that they're people with extraordinary gifts . . . who happen to find that the gift of laughter outweighed the others.

Not everybody realizes, for example, that Martha Raye has one of the greatest popular voices.

Jackie Gleason has talent as a composer and conductor. He is likewise a gifted sketch-writer.

Martha is a student of laughter, as you have to be in her racket. She learned one thing from Charlie Chaplin in his picture, "Monsieur Verdoux," in which she was so good.

"He told me to dress well when I do broad comedy. It heightens the effect."

"I pointed out to him that he dresses pretty lousy and does broad comedy. He said yes, but he was creating a character."

"Anyway, I've found it works."

In one part of the cafe act that she does, she gets up on a piano—or tries to—to do a Helen Morgan. And keeps sliding off.

As she slides off the third time, she explodes, "That gabdaman Johnson's wax!"

It usually gets howls. Curiously, though, when she was doing this hit in one cafe, a manager thought, for the sake of the kiddies, she ought to change "gabdaman" to plain, simple, ordinary "daman."

She did, and it failed to get a howl!

Figure that out.

### GLEASON HAS THE LAST WORD

Gleason? Well, it's no surprise to the Broadway set that he's so successful now. Because in the old days when he wasn't working regularly, the bunch agreed that this was one of the funniest men alive—if he could find the right medium.

Looks like he found it, and vice versa.

And television was luckier in finding him than he was in finding television.

On a recent occasion, Jackie was in his favorite bistro, Toots

Shor's, and the proprietor upbraided Jackie for "never buying a drink." Jackie does buy plenty. This was Shor's good-natured half-kidding way of handling his friend.

"O.K., Blubber," said Jackie. "I'll buy one now. Set 'em up for everybody at the bar!"

Jackie beamed and so did Toots as everybody had one. Toots had to go home soon after that—and when he was out of sight, Jackie signed Toots' name to the tab.

The boss called the new stenographer into his office.

"Miss Gann," he said, "you're the best looking girl we ever had working in this office."

A pleased look came into the girl's eyes.

"You dress well," the boss continued, "you have a nice voice, you make a good impression on the public, and your deportment is of the highest."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "your compliments are very pleasing."

"Enjoy them to the fullest," returned the boss, "because now we are going to discuss your spelling, punctuation and typing."

—E. L. J., Depew, Okla.

#### LETTER FROM CHARLEY

Cont'd from Page 2

occasion by Sid Caesar, Marie Wilson, Bob Hawk and from the King and Queen themselves.

Well, it's time to get this thing to press. Nice visiting with you again and I'll be seeing you along about this same time next month. Meanwhile, laugh and be good to yourself.

Sincerely yours,

Charley Jones

#### GLAMOUR FOR GRANDMA

Grandma was a whiz all right  
Along the line of duty;  
But she was never forced to ape  
A sixteen-year-old's beauty.

She didn't have to paint her nails,  
Or tint her cheeks and lips,  
To dye her hair or pluck her brows  
Or exercise her hips.

No, Grandma could just do her  
work

And then her time was free;  
While I, with all the housework  
done,

Still have to work on me!

—Isabelle Cox

#### KEEP LOOKING, GAL

A secretary kept turning the pages of a dictionary until finally another office worker asked what she was trying to find.

"Bankruptcy," said the first.  
"Well, why are you looking way back there?"

"I know how to spell bank," she retorted, "and now I'm looking for rupty."

—H. A. C., Atlanta, Ga.

#### HAIL, GENTLE SPRING!

Upon the wall the calendar emphatic

Says spring is here,  
While I assert, with eloquence dramatic,

The north pole's near.

Hail, gentle spring!

The early bird is scrawny and frostbitten.

His song of cheer  
He will not waste upon a land so smitten,

No worms are here.

Hail, gentle spring!

The garden truck of which my heart delighted  
To brag about

Now wears a sere and yellow look  
and blighted,

'Tis fizzled out.

Hail, gentle spring!

The south wind reaches wet and chilly fingers  
Adown my neck,

While with me a grim premonition lingers  
Of flu, by heck.

Hail, gentle spring!

—Elsie Thompson

#### GAME BIRD

Diner: "Have you any wild duck?"

Waiter: "No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

—H. E. Zimmerman

#### RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

"On the day on which my wedding occurred . . ." Jones began.

"You'll pardon the correction," interrupted his companion, "but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners and things of that sort 'take place'. It is only calamities which 'occur'. You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see," replied Jones. "Well, as I was saying, on the day on which my wedding occurred . . ."

—F. G. Kernan

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL

"We're about to lose a daughter," a proud mother announced to her husband.

"Well, doggone! You mean Betty's young man finally popped the question?"

"Well, not exactly, but she seems pretty certain. She has six pounds of steak in her hope chest!"

—H. F., Belleville, Ill.

#### FORM OF CRITICISM

"Yes," Oswald said to the stenographer, "the boss just offered me an interest in the business."

The steno looked up quickly. "He did?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes," Oswald replied reflectively. "He said that if I didn't take an interest in the business, he'd hire somebody who would."

—E. L. J., Depew, Okla.



"I'M SORRY, MISS LAPLUME, BUT YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS TYPE OF WORK."

### TAKE IT EASY!

A Swede walked into a saloon and asked for a drink of squirrel whiskey.

The bartender said, "I haven't any squirrel whiskey but have some Old Crow."

The Swede said: "I didn't want to fly, I was wanted to jump round a little."

—M. B., San Francisco, Cal.

### THE TIME IS HERE

Call my doctor, nurses too,

I fear I'll have a stroke;

I guess my time to go is due—

My lifetime needle broke!

—Bern Sharfman

—10—

### THE MYSTERY

First mother: "How is your little boy doing in school?"

Second mother: "I won't know until I get his report card interpreted. I gotta find out whether 'P' means 'putrid' or 'perfect'."

\*\*\*

Asked if he had been late for school, my small son replied, "Oh, yes, Mommy, the children were talking to the flag when I arrived!"

\*\*\*

"Do you like olives?"

"Olive's what?"

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

### GUEST PESTS

When dinner guests arrive too early,  
They're apt to find the hostess surly;  
While those who chance to show up late,  
The host could happily cremate;  
And — a hex on those who linger on,  
When all the other guests are gone!

—Ethel Hewitt

### MAKE UP YOUR MIND

"Now, don't forget," said the office manager to the new office boy, "there are two things I insist upon, truthfulness and obedience."

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, "and when you tell me to tell the callers you're out when you're in, which shall it be, truthfulness or obedience?"

—M. H., Dallas, Tex.

### REST AT LAST!

A mountain woman from Shillett's Hollow goes into the hospital for ten days every year to have another baby. On one of her annual visits the doctor said, "Madam, you really ought to stop having babies every year."

She looked at him in dismay, then exclaimed excitedly: "What! And give up my only rest? No, sir-ree!"

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

### THE GIVE-AWAY

The young minister liked the game of golf so well that he began taking more time from his pastoral duties than he should, until finally the bishop had to send for him.

Bishop: "My son, golf is an excellent game and a fine road to health and clear thinking. But if one plays too much he is apt to let the game influence his other duties."

Young Minister: "But, sir, what makes you think I am overdoing this golf business?"

Bishop: "Well, I noticed that when you approached the altar this morning you held your prayer book with an interlocking grip."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

First Eskimo wife: Does your husband stay out late?

Second Eskimo wife: Late! Why last night he didn't get home until half past January.

### IMAGINE THAT!

He: How do you like my new suit. It's a surprise from my wife.

Him: Really?

He: Yes, one night I came home unexpectedly and there it was — over the back of a chair.

—Laughs Unlimited

### TWO TRUE

A husband is a feller

Who, in this vale of strife,

Has given to some woman

The best ears of his life!

—S. S. Biddle

—11—

## SHORT AND SNAPPY

My friend, the sword-swallower at the circus has gone to the hospital. He swallowed his chewing gum. . . . Where there's smoke, there's usually a gang of secretaries. . . . She doesn't take chances when driving her auto. She always drives in safety zones.

I saw a great mystery movie. The detective doesn't know if the victim was strangled to death or just took a ride on the subway. . . . I went to the football game. There was a man who didn't know enough about the game to play but he was glad to referee. . . . He's a two-letter man at college. Writes home for money twice a week. . . . I got a wedding invitation which read: "We request your presents." . . . He's so cheap the only thing he takes out is his teeth.

—Laughs Unlms.

Our attic's filled, without a doubt, With things that we could do without,

But I am sure I'll count to ten Before I clean it out again—  
(For yesterday I threw away Exactly what I need today!)

—Jeanne DeGood

## THE BOSS SPEAKS:

"Okay! Who saw fit to humiliate me before my employees tonight by stuffing the holes of my bowling ball with limburger?"

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## HAD HIM SPINNING

Due to a little brush with the New York police concerning some marijuana, the bebop musician felt that a change of climate was advisable, so he signed up with the ship's orchestra on a round the world cruise. At Calcutta he decided to spend a couple of hours ashore.

He was walking through the native quarter, when he spied a turbaned snake-charmer putting on his act on a crowded corner. The snake-charmer was playing a tune in a minor key on a native flute. As he played, from the basket in front of him a large cobra erected its body inch by inch, and expanded its neck. It swayed back and forth in time to the weird music.

The bebop musician watched with interest. Finally, he reached over, patted the flute player on the shoulder, and said,  
"Say, Jackson! You play real fine flute, but I don't dig that cra-a-zy music stand!"

—Lou Wallace

## EVENING ROUND-UP

The city gal  
Has lots of fun  
Spending her days  
In dude-ranch sun,  
But dusk brings dates  
With guys in jeans  
And soon she knows  
What RANCH HAND means!

—Dick Hayman

## The King and Queen!

### JACKIE GLEASON—

I am grateful to the National Association of Gag Writers for selecting me as the Comedian of the Year. I have been asked to write a few words on the importance of laughter, an assignment I am only too glad to fulfill.

In this crazy world of ours, marred as it is with the words, threats and deeds of hot heads, it falls to a relatively small group of entertainers to provide the smiles and diversions so necessary to pleasant living.

I hope I can continue to do my part to help spread smiles and cheer where laughter is most welcome.

Jackie Gleason  
TV Comedy Star—CBS

### National Laugh Week

#### A WORD OF CAUTION

If you're proud of your grandpa and grandma

And Aunt Emmy Lou, just say it.

But before you go flaunting your whole family tree

Perhaps you had better spray it.

—Kathryn Glander

#### A SAVING SOUL

Sandy — "Angus, ye ken I'm a thrifty mon. What would ye advise me to take to a golden wedding?"

Angus — (after a little thought)  
— "Mon, I'd take a goldfish."

—U. N., Hutchinson, Kans.

### MARTHA RAYE—

Everybody's has a laugh in himself, somewhere. Some people can turn on a laugh more readily than others. For a clown like me that's my kind of people. But give me those others too, those hard-to-get-at people. A big part of my profession as I see it, is to coax that deep-down guffaws out of those people whose laughs come hard.

A laugh, a song, then another laugh. That's the way to do it. Just so the laughs ring out and people get rid of their gloom. Believe me, you feel better yourself after you've done a good show and know you've made people happier—even a little bit. That's what laughs are for that's what laughs should mean.

Martha Raye  
TV Comedienne—NBC

The doctor entered the young couple's home and found them whispering over in a corner.

"Hatching a plot?" he questioned cordially.

"No, Doctor," replied the husband. "We're plotting a hatch and that's why we need your advice."

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Texas

### ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet size 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 and is FULLY ILLUSTRATED. We will send 24 assorted booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.99 or 48 assorted booklets and prepaid upon receipt of \$3.99. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C. O. D. Send Cash or Money Order.

### REPSAC SALES CO.

1 Oakleaf St., Dept. 1772, New York 2, N.Y.

# Oh, Finance Company-I'm Selling Our Song!

by BUDDY MASON



Jayhawk Finance Co.,  
438 East Main St.,  
Wichita 2, Kansas  
Dear Mr. Jayhawk:

We've never met, but I'm writing to explain why I'll be a trifle late with my car payment. I was about to mail in the dough when an opportunity to make a fortune with a small investment presented itself.

By this time next month I may be able to clean up all the remaining payments. So please overlook this slight delay. Here's what happened:

Glancing through a magazine recently, I came across an ad of the Whingding Songwriter's Bureau. They were having difficulty in finding a word to rhyme with MOON and were conducting a national talent contest hoping for a winner to come up with the right word. Being somewhat talented along these lines, (I once composed an eight line cheer for Beaver Patrol, Scout Troop #4,) I decided to help them out.

Concentrating for a few days, I finally hit on the ideal word to rhyme with MOON. Nothing fancy, mind you, but as the director of the Whingding Songwriter's Bureau of Omaha, himself, put it, "A natural! A familiar word reminiscent of lovers in the moonlight and brides of the same name!" In short, gentlemen, I submitted the word JUNE!

Imagine my surprise on finding myself a winner in the contest. In glowing words of praise, plaudits were heaped on me by this great Song Bureau. I was awarded a life membership in the Bureau with their usual dues of \$20 per year cut in HALF in my particular case. A special added prize consisted of one melodic arrangement to be set to any song poem of mine for just HALF the regular \$100 fee.

I'm a modest man, Mr. Jayhawk, but I also recognize true talent when I see it. Who am I to argue with destiny? I immediately wrote a set of lyrics,

and mailed them in.

Well sir, if you think Whingding's first letter contained praise, you should have seen the second! I have a smash hit here, Mr. Jayhawk. It has all the appeal of "Only God Can Make A Tree" plus the catchiness of "Commona My House," with a bit of the serio-comic pathos of both to give it Hit Parade stature. (I believe I've quoted right.)

There'll be another slight charge for orchestrations — (at half price, of course) — but the composers are working day and night on the melody. They hope to get it in a picture at a studio before the next Academy Awards are voted. They should "have 'em whipped up" by then! Get that "whipped up" expression! I'm even beginning to talk like a songwriter.

When I asked the Bureau what the approximate returns on my song would be, they answered that they didn't even DARE guess. This thing must be bigger than we dream!

So you see, Mr. Jayhawk, why I'll be late on my payment, or perhaps a few payments. Expenses run high when you are a songwriter gambling for big stakes. (Even when you get your expenses at HALF-PRICE.) With fortune almost within my grasp, I want to be sure my song poem gets the musical treatment it

deserves. In fact, I've been assured by the Whingding Songwriter's Bureau of Omaha, (in writing), that I'm getting the FULL TREATMENT.

Just as soon as my royalties start rolling in I'll pay off my car balance and autograph a copy for you. In fact, since you are unwittingly helping finance it, I'll have an announcer dedicate it to you when it gets to the air.

Don't think I'm getting too high to contact, Mr. Jayhawk. I do hope you'll try to keep in touch with me.

Yours for a song,  
Joe (Smash Hit) Gluck.

P.S.:-

The car runs fine! I may even drive it out of the state on a trip to Omaha just to see how they are coming with my song. Don't forget me and be sure and let me hear from you.

J. (Smash Hit) G.

## A GRIM TRUTH

The minister sadly frowned at his gold watch as he watched his train pull away without him.

"I had faith in this watch," he told his companion, "but it has failed me."

"Well, Reverend," said his friend, "you should know that faith is not enough without good works."

—Paul Smith



## SUM TIME

My kid pretends that he is sick  
Because he hates arithmetic;  
Each morning finds him wide  
awake

With nauseating stomach ache.  
Before his two feet hit the floor  
He cries because his throat is  
sore.

(But I know when he is bigger  
He'll have an eye for every  
figger!)

—Marion F. Lewis

Notes that milkmen find left  
in bottles are sometimes vague  
and sometimes humorous. One  
milkman found this: "Dear Milk-  
man: we don't want milk every  
day. We want milk like this: 'To-  
day we want milk; Tomorrow we  
don't want milk. And the next  
day will be just like the day be-  
fore and the day after tomorrow."  
—A. C., St. Paul, Minn.

## SHORT SHOTS

The beautiful secretary who  
makes a play for her boss often  
gets pretty fur . . . Some office  
workers make so many trips to  
the water-cooler you'd think they  
were being paid by the mile.

It isn't a good policy to loaf  
on the job. The boss might fire  
you for impersonating a relative  
. . . The shortest distance between  
two points is the route a man  
takes when driving his mother-  
in-law home.

—Harry Forbes

## IN A DILEMMA

Uncle Mose hitched up his  
mules, got into the wagon and  
headed for the country town where  
he drank too much homemade  
peach brandy and got pretty well  
fogged.

He started home in the wagon  
with the mules pulling and soon  
fell asleep. While he was asleep  
the mules got loose from the wa-  
gon and went on home leaving  
him asleep there.

He woke up during the night  
and, as soon as he was wide  
awake saw that the mules were  
gone. "Dat best all!" he morn-  
mured. "Who is I? If ah'm Mose  
ah've done lost a couple o' mules,  
an' ef ah ain't Mose ah done found  
mahself a wagon!"

—Mont Hurst

## HIS LAST HOPE

The ship was far out to sea  
when the ship's physician ap-  
proached the ailing man who  
clung weakly to the rail.

"Cheer up, old man, no one  
ever died of seasickness."

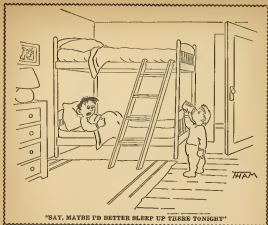
"Don't say that, doctor; only  
the hope of dying is keeping me  
alive!"

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Texas

## OLD AGE BENEFITS

The bore, no more,  
Has me dismayed.  
I just tune out  
My hearing aid.

—Homer McLin



"BAY, MAYBE I'D BETTER SLEEP UP THERE TONIGHT"

## PLUNGING NECKLINE

Why the daring dress, my love?

It's so frugal up above.

Do your shoulders need an airing?

Or, perhaps, you like men

staring.

(Methinks you're being over-  
haring!)

—R. Stanley Smith

## LAST NIGHT

How it got to be

A quarter after three

Is certainly

A mystery

To me!

(Might have been the drink,  
Don't you think?)

—Myers and Hamm

## DEAR SALESMAN

Feel free to place your foot within

The precincts of my door,

For I shall feel as free, my friend,

To stomp it till it's sore!

—True A. Rice, Jr.

The pupil was asked to para-  
phrase the sentence "He was  
hent on seeing her". He wrote  
"The sight of her doubled him  
up".

—O. J., Shelby, N. C.

## Doings of A Democracy!

Duluth, Minn., officials received a bill for \$6.50 from an indignant housewife. She explained she was cooking three fish and baking a sponge cake when the city suddenly cut off the gas thus ruining her dinner.

For the wall of the Bellingham, Wash., jail cell for drunks, the city ordered decorations of pink elephants and green snakes.

When a Flint, Mich., citizen walked into a filling station and dropped a nickel in the pay phone he was reminded that calls cost a dime now. He showed his displeasure by ripping the receiver off the cord, pulling the phone box nearly off the wall and stalking off.

William H. Thorne, Springfield, O., got his Federal income tax refund, a check for one penny. He decided not to deposit the check in the bank, though — it would cost three cents.

From seven-year-old Susan Burke, Mayor Donald W. Kramer received the following communication: "I want to run a lemonade stand this summer. Do I have to have a license?"

Students at Montana State University held a "Be Kind to the Faculty Day."

The Tucson, Ariz., city council decided that churches were no longer obligated to maintain convenient cuspidors.

The U. S. Army let it be known it was going to spend more money henceforth catching deserters than in awarding medals.

A Washington, D. C., theater allowed its patrons to vote on whether it wanted popcorn sold there and the vote was 95-to-1 against it.

An Indianapolis reporter, testing the gullibility of the town's citizens, stood on the street with dark glasses, guitar, a tin cup and a sign announcing: "I am not blind, deaf, dumb or crippled, and do not want any money." He collected 29 cents in 40 minutes.

A candidate for commissioner of Montour County, Pa., ran on the platform: "I won't treat you any worse than anybody else you put in this office."

In Spokane, Wash., a citizen, during a cessation of work by local meat packing workers, went into a pawnshop and hocked his teeth "for the duration of the strike."

—Harold Helfer

## RELAX, OLD FELLOW

The captain of a yacht looked so worried that he attracted the attention of a woman passenger on board.

"What's the trouble, captain?" she asked.

"The fact is, madam," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," said the woman. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it's gone!"

—M. H., Dallas, Tex.

## HAND ME DOWNS

Mom wants a tailored one in Blue.

Daughter says she needs some Too.

And dear old dad? Last year's Will do!

—H. E. Ballagh

## HE'LL NEVER KNOW

Jacob (who is making a loan at 9% from his brother David): "Well, I ain't kickin' y' understand: hut vot'll our poor dead fadder say ven he looks down and sees his own son gouging 9% out of his own flesh and blood?"

David: "Don't you worry about that, Jake. From where he is it'll look like 6%."

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

Sign over spittoon in a little general store in the hills: "We aim to please, will you aim, too, please?"

—H. J. T., Holdrege, Nebr.

## BE PATIENT, MA'AM

My first teaching assignment was in a one room schoolhouse in a small farming community. My salary was very small, but it was well supplemented by the jars of homemade jam, fruit, eggs and other farm produce the children's parents lavishly bestowed upon me.

One day, Frankie, one of my first graders came timidly to my desk and asked if I would like some homemade sausage as his father was going to butcher a hog the following day.

"Why sure, Frankie," I replied, "I would like it very much."

I was especially fond of homemade sausage so when two weeks had passed by and Frankie hadn't come across with his promise, I asked him if he had forgotten.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "but the pig got well the next day so we are going to fatten it up first."

—S. K., Saginaw, Mich.

## CURSES!

Cautiously I tap her head  
And seize her neck to throttle.  
Both my hands are moist and red.  
Darn that catsup bottle!

—Isabelle Cox

"Isn't there a smarter assistant available to serve me?"

"No, madam—the smarter assistants saw you coming."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## Mens' Fashions For Spring!



The Easter Parade is with us again and as usual the women are getting all the breaks from the fashion forecasters. The newspapers and magazines are jammed with fashion notes announcing what milady will wear in the traditional Easter Parade.

But the men are forgotten. There is nary a note about what the men will wear this spring. However, after toiling research, we have ferreted out the latest styles for spring for men.

Let's see how they compare with the Easter styles for the ladies:

**Fashion Note:** "The new mood in spring clothes for women this year will be gay and charming, not dramatic or sensational. The dresses will be slimmer with panels floating out from under tight

underskirts with both skirts making for a tender draped silhouette effect."

Men's suits again this spring will again feature a two-sleeved effect with full draped sleeves on each end of the coat for the right and left arms. The suits will again boast the traditional fullness in the center of the garment over the chest and stomach. The new style spring coat will be fully out with an opening in the center to go over the head.

**Fashion Note:** "Spring suits for women will boast an unexpected kerchief pocket in the rear of the round hip suits with a laced edge handkerchief flowing loosely from the kerchief pocket."

Pants for men this spring will be essentially the same as they were last spring. There will be two loosely fitting cloth tubes for the legs and each pair of pants will feature a generous fullness in the rear for that part of the male body which occurs above the legs. As usual, handkerchiefs will be kept inside of the rear pocket and a very thin rear pocket for inflation-wracked wallets has been added to most trousers.

**Fashion Note:** "Spring trends for women will float gently backward in wayward folds accentuating a fitted bodice and echoing a full skirt."

Spring topcoats for men will accentuate buttons in front of the flowing garments so they can be closed in case of rain. Many of the straight line topcoats will feature extra fullness in the shoulders for men who have muscles. A daring innovation will be the pockets on each side of the coat for gloves, car keys and chewing gum. Many of these style-shattering topcoats for men will feature built-in coat hangers.

**Fashion Note:** "Ladies lingerie this spring will continue to be feminine, made of frilly lace and lowliest silk."

The newest trend in male unmentionables this spring will be barbershop stripes and full-seated bottoms. In the privacy of his boudoir the average American male, clad only in his new underwear, will look like a chiffonier—a big thing with drawers!

**Fashion Note:** "Ladies hosiery this spring will be sheerer and come in lighter shades. The very sheerness of the hose will make milady's legs more bewitching."

As usual men's socks will follow the time worn trend. Each sock will have an opening in the top for the foot, with special reinforcing in the rear of the heel. Many of the new socks for men will come in daring, gay colors—black, dull brown and battleship grey.

**Fashion Note:** "New spring shoes for ladies will come with an unbored toe and will be flexible as a glove. Open toes are out."

Men's spring shoes will come in pairs—one for the right foot and one for the left. The spring shoes will turn slightly inward. Trinness is the keynote for the new men's shoes. Many of them will fit like gloves when they should fit like shoes.

We'll see you in the Easter Parade!

—Dan Valentine

## A BOOMING CITY

In the sparsely settled regions of Sawtooth Mountains in California a man was motorizing out to see a rancher friend.

Traversing a region of uninhabited wasteland, he came to a cluster of four cabins at a crossroads. Stopping his car, he bailed a native standing by the road.

"I'm looking for a town called Belden, can you direct me to it?"

"Stranger," replied the rustic laconically, "don't move a damn inch."

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

## THE BRIGHTER SIDE

"I believe business is picking up."

"Booked some orders today?"

"No, but I had several civil answers."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

### LONG MAY THEY WAVE

Oh, gals on shipboard railing make a very pretty sight  
When coyly poised for camera men and reading left to  
right.

O, may the free world long retain the freedom of the  
seas—

And photogenic gals amuse us with freedom of the knees!

—C. W., W. Somerville, Mass.

### QUICK QUIPS

An old-timer is one who remembers what women used to blush about. . . . The man who brags he can hold his liquor too often also tries to hold a steering wheel, a woman and the middle of the road.

We have always thought most women have plenty of backbone and the modern dresses prove it. . . . When Grandma went on her second honeymoon, she went with her first husband.

Beauty parlor permanents are bound to be successful. If the treatment doesn't curl a woman's hair, the news will. . . . Middle-age is when you can't do all the things you would have done at 21 if you had had the money.

—Ray Duncan

### SAVINGS PLAN

Phil: "If you made only \$8,000 last year, just how did you put \$85,000 in the bank."

Frank: "Well, I quit smoking, and I carried my lunch to work with me every day."

—P. W. S., Midwest City, Ok.

Doctor Bronson was explaining to the expectant mother the care that should be given to the breasts.

"But I'm not planning to nurse my baby," she insists. "It'll be a bottle baby."

"But, Mrs. Bonzo," argued the doctor. "Your child will thrive much better if naturally fed."

Reluctantly, the mother-to-be replied, "Well, maybe you're right. If I have to carry them around, I might as well use them."

—H. L. Ft. Worth, Texas

A Danish celebrity was asked to officiate at an American girls' school track meet. He was proud of his command of English and never understood why the audience laughed when he presented the winning cup with the statement, "To the fastest girl on the campus."

—H. P. H., Washington, D. C.

### MEMO FOR 1953

Friends who say,

"I told you so,"

Up and tell 'em

Where to go!

—Ethel Willis Hewitt.

### YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING

Tourist courtesy cards, off street parking and parking permits are among recommendations which the Civic Planning Committee of the Daytona Beach C. of C. has passed along to its Board of Governors.

The suggested cards, to be placed on cars in place of the parking violation ticket they can get in their own home town, would read:

"You have overparked, but a police officer, through courtesy of the C of C., has put a picket in the parking meter, saving you a one dollar fine. Please return the nickel, or more if you wish, in this envelope, as it will enable us to carry on this service."

—Florida Newspaper  
—H. C. S., Daytona Beach, Fla.

Jim: "Was that a big card game you were in this afternoon?"

Jack: "Big? Man that card game was so big there were kibitzers kibitzing the kibitzers."

—Maurice Seitter

Impatient lady to mechanic: "Don't you tell me that the carburetor is dirty. My husband just had the car washed yesterday."

—V. R. S., St. Joseph, Mo.

EMCEE MAGAZINE containing  
skits, parodies, monologs, patter.  
Subscriptions: \$2. Add \$1 for four  
goose-necked back numbers.  
Emcee—J. Box 983, Chicago 90

### APOLOGY

Dear friends, please pardon the delay;

Our television set's O. K.

Be patient and forbearing.

You'll soon be here to view and  
dine;

The picture's sharp, the sound  
is fine—

The sofa needs repairing!

—Leonard Schiff

### OLD LADY'S DELIGHT

At a busy corner, a traffic officer saw an old lady beckon to him. Holding up two dozen cars, trucks and taxicabs to get to her side he inquired, "What is it, madam?"

The old lady smiled and put her hand on his arm.

"Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just want to tell you that the number on your badge is the number of my favorite hymn!"

—P. W., Durham, N. C.

### MORE ON THE WAY

Luke was already the father of twelve children, six of them boys and six of them girls. One morning he came to work and told his employer that his wife had had another baby. "Boy or girl?" asked his employer.

"Forgot to ask," said Luke absently. "Don't matter anyway. Melissy'll even up the score again next year."

—K. G., Oregon, Ill.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT

The group of old men were sitting and spitting around the stove in a mountain town in a backwoods county seat in Tennessee. They were, of course, talking politics. Then they got around to the subject of all prime subjects—the atom bomb.

"We're plumb lucky to be livin' this far from all the sea coasts," suggested one old he-coon, his tobacco juice sputtering off the side of the hot stove. "This far inland they're never goin' to reach us."

"You're wrong about that neighbor," replied another. "We're plumb certain to be bombed if the bombin' starts."

"But why?" persisted the other.

"Why? You know why!" was the answer. "This here's the county seat, ain't it?"

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## A BUGGY BUSINESS!

Raising spuds, I must confess,  
Brings this gardener distress.  
The only things that germinate  
Are those I must exterminate!

—Ivan Collins

## FLUNKED!

"You're in a class alone!" she said.

But to me she's not devoted  
For what she meant, I'm sad to say,

Is the others were promoted!

—Herman Robison

## FAT GAL'S: ATTN!

If you sit a group of hefty ladies down to a table they'll immediately start talking about their diets, meanwhile ordering roast beef, potatoes, bread, mayonnaise, butter, wines and fudge sundaes.

And, because they go home remorseful over breaking their diets (again) they whip up a caloric less and starchless dinner for the old man and four growing school kids.

—O. P. J., Shelby, N. C.

## STEADY CROP TOO

"How did you happen to get into this business?" the reporter asked the farmer who had just sold his farm and bought a tourist court.

"Why," replied the former son of the soil, "one tourist equals two hales of cotton and is a whale of a lot easier to pick."

—Don Tanner

## OH, HOW TRUE!

In re our local hurly queens:

I've heard it wisely said,  
When something's going on, it means

It's coming off instead.

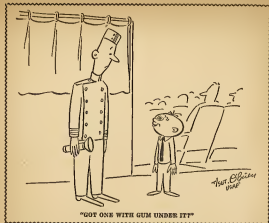
—Charley Welde

Maid: "The master's locked up for the night, ma'am."

Mistress: "Fine, but I didn't hear him come in."

Maid: "He didn't. The police just phoned."

—H. J. T., Holdrege, Neb.



## NIGHTLY CRISIS

When TV's good,  
That's when Ma wishes  
Pa would help her  
With the dishes!

—Herman Robison

"Grand Coulee," yelled the devout man as he hit his finger with a hammer.

"What do you mean by yelling 'Grand Coulee'?" asked his wife.

"That," he replied, "is the world's largest dam, isn't it?"

—L. W., Wessington Springs, S. D.

Everyone in the neighborhood felt sorry for the Browns as the rumor circulated around that Mr. Brown had lost his job when his little girl went next door to borrow some whole clothes and they understood her to ask for old clothes.

—V. R. S., St. Joseph, Mo.

This want ad in a daily newspaper caused considerable more attention than anticipated. "For Sale — 2 grave lots, nice location, fireplace fixtures."

—A. C., St. Paul, Minn.

## LITTLE BY LITTLE

A man by the name of Little lived in a house in a little town, and he worked for a very little salary.

The neighbors wondered how Mr. Little and the whole Little family could get along on so little money.

He was asked: "Mr. Little, how do you and Mrs. Little and the seven little Littles get along on such a little salary?"

He replied: "Every Little helps."

• • •

He: "I have found out that I have halitosis, or bad breath. What is the best thing for it?"

She: "Lockjaw."

—F. Madigan, W. Aust.

## PAST HER PRIME

Maid: There were two men standing outside the window while you undressed, madame.

Madame: That's nothing. You should have seen the mops when I was younger!

—Laughs Unltd.

## HARD LUCK STORY

First Husband: "Sometimes I get disgusted with my wife. She's always wanting to run her fingers through my hair."

Second Husband: "Lucky guy. My wife's always running her fingers through my currency."

—H. P., Indianapolis, Ind.

## A TOUGH PROBLEM

This note was sent to a teacher to explain her son's absence from school:

"Dear Mum: Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as time-keeper for his father. Last night you give him this example—'If a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and a half times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his pappy."

They left early this mornin and my husband said they would be back late tonight, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem about a lady, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf neither, but I can afford a day off once in awhile better than my husband.

Respectively yours, Mrs. Jones"

—Howie Lasseter

• • •

"What's the matter, having wife trouble?"

"Yes, my wife went to her mother's for a month and every week I wrote her that I was staying home every night."

"Well?"

"She's back now and everything was fine until yesterday, the light bill came. It was for 50 cents."

—P. W., Durham, N. C.

## Now There's A Good Sign

Sign in the window of an antique shop going out of business: "Crime does not pay — neither does the antique business." . . . Seen on a woman's college campus: "Keep off the grass; give the gay young blades a chance." . . . Sign in a travel agency: "Why don't you see the world before you leave it?"

• • •

Sign in a liquor package store before the Fourth of July: "Keep out of trouble on the Fourth — Stay at home with a fifth." . . . Waratag bordering Maine woods during hunting season: "Last year's deaths: 247 deer, 143 quail, 11 bear, 7 hunters." . . . Seen in a barber shop window: "Reasonably-priced clip joint."

• • •

Sign in a fur shop: "Money isn't everything. Minks are nice too." . . . Sign in a book shop: "We like browsers. We LOVE Customers." . . . Sign on the wall of a roadside diner: "It's tough to pay \$2 for a steak. It's even tougher when you pay only \$1." . . . Sign near a plant where men were working with high-tension electric power devices: "Danger! Touching this high tension electric equipment will result in instant

death. Violation punishable by two weeks imprisonment."

• • •

Sign in a woman's clothing shop: "Lose your inferiority complex! Get chesty with our bra's!" . . . Sign on wall behind drugstore food counter: "Don't kill your cigarettes in the coffee cups. They were not meant to die by drowning." . . . Sign over a tavern pinup picture of Marilyn Monroe on roller skates: "The most beautiful thing on wheels."

• • •

Sign in a leather-goods store window: "With our luggage, you CAN take it with you." . . . Seen in a public library: "I don't mind your stepping all over me — but please don't throw gum in my face. I'm your new floor." . . . Roadside sign near New Hampshire forest: "These woodlands are God's country. Why set them on fire and make them look like hell?"

—Harold Winslop

When a mountaineer, his wife and six-year-old son paid one of their rare visits to "town," they stopped in at the local tavern.

They all walked up to the bar where the mountaineer dawdled, "Two whiskies."

The six-year-old boy looked at his father in surprise and said: "What's goin' on, Pa? Ain't Ma drinkin'?"

—Usher Newlin

## DIDN'T LIKE THE FLAVOR

An explorer in Africa was captured by a tribe of cannibals. As the savages were readying the pot and fire for him he said to the chief as casually as he could, "I wouldn't eat me, if I were you. I won't taste good."

He lifted up his trouser leg, sliced a piece off the calf of his leg and handed it over to the cannibal. "Here," said the explorer, "see for yourself."

The native hit into the morsel. Promptly he spat it out and released the explorer. The explorer's loss amounted to only about \$5. He had to have his cork leg repaired!

—L. W., Wessington Springs, S. D.

## AGE OF MAKE BELIEVE

Two small boys had just seen a romantic movie. "Wasn't it terrible?" said one in disgust.

"I didn't think it was too bad," said the other. "During the kissing scenes I just closed my eyes and made believe he was choking her."

—Al Spang

A lady walked up to a ticket agent to buy two bus tickets to Duluth, Minnesota.

"Two, to Duluth," she said.

"Two, to Duluth."

"What?" asked the ticket agent.

"Two, to Duluth," she replied.

"Oh," said the ticket agent airily, "Tra la la!"

—C. M., Virginia, Minn.

## THE MISFIT

When John found work, he started first

As helper in the tool-room.  
He was unhappy, always cursed,  
He only liked the pool-room.

Then John worked on a screw machine—

He thought the job was foocy;  
He asked them for a new machine—

The old one drove him screwy.

Then John worked on a power saw—

To set the blades he'd clout it;  
One day he slipped and caught his paw—

He felt cut up about it.

Then John worked on a ten ton press.

He tripped — they said his blessing!

Of all the jobs he had, I guess  
This was the most depressing.

—F. G. Hartnell

Household Hint For Helpless Housewives: One tablespoon of soap powder to every recipe. It doesn't improve the flavor but it certainly makes the dishes easier to wash.

—Laughs Unlimited.

"My wife thinks she should have a washing machine."

"You're lucky. Mine thinks she married one."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

Those Hollywood marriages are really something. One producer liked his wife so much, he held her over for a second week.

The new compact homes are remarkably convenient. If you are in the living room and want to go to the bedroom, you stay just where you are.

Farmer: All that he owes he owes to adders.

## OLIVE BRANCH

When our quarrel is finally done  
And peace restored instead,  
My wife forgives me everyone  
Of the nasty things she said!

—Thomas Usk

The dentist's daughter asked her boy friend, "Have you told father that we want to get married?" The boy was shy. "Gee, Susie, every time I step into his office I get so nervous I can't talk. Today he took out another tooth."

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Texas



## THE KID IS RIGHT!

The Sunday-school teacher had been trying to explain to her young patrons the difference between what she classified as a downright lie, and a mild, forgivable, "white" lie. When she felt she had accomplished her purpose she asked eight-year-old Arthur to give an example of a white lie.

"Well," said Arthur, "this morning when I got out of bed I looked out into the back yard and there was fifty feet of snow on the ground."

—W. U., Lubbock, Tex.

## "Ze Wonderful Beesbol Game!"

(A Frenchman, newly arrived in this country, was listening to his first baseball game over the radio, along with an American friend. As the announcer was describing the game, the Frenchman became more and more confused.)

"De man say, De Seals an' de Angels weel play each uddaair! I never know de Seals, dey play basebohl, an' de Angels too! I tink somebuddy make mistake. Den he say, 'De battaire jus' hit a fowl an' de fly was caught'. A fowl, it ees chicken, n'est-ce pas? Why de battaire hit chicken and when de playsires have time to catch a fly?"

"Next he say, 'A playaire die on second base! De base no place to die, why he not go home to die? Den de man say, De pitchaire giv' de battaire a ball an' den fan heem. De pitchaire ees gran' sport to fan de battaire an' den giv' heem de ball too, n'est-ce pas?"

"An' dis squeeze play? En France we have de squeeze play, too! An' when de squeeze play ees in moonlight, Oo-la-la!"

"Next de battaire make home run! He run home when everybuddy want game to go on? An

when de rival pitchaires have duel, do dey fight wit pistols like en France? Den he say, 'De fieldaire jus' drop de pill! Mon Dieu! What de fieldaire doing wit pill? Dat ees personal ting, n'est-ce pas?"

"De pitchaire giv' anudder walk an' de crowd shout, 'Boo, take heem out uv de box! Box? How be pitch in de box? Den I hear somebuddy say, 'Come on, boy! Put a fly ovaire de fence! What harm de fly do an' why he stop to put fly ovaire de fence?"

"An' when de battaire run aroun' de bases, de man say, 'Now, de game all wrap up an' in de bag! How de wrap up de game an' what line bag dey have? Mon ami, I completment lost when he say, 'Ladies an' gentlemen, de Seals, dey have today whitewash de Angels an' giv' dem goose egg!"

—Walter Kenworth

## C'MON BUD—GIVE

When husband chuckles in his sleep

It irks me — do not doubt it.  
I'd rather he would talk out loud  
And tell me all about it!

—Kathryn Gelander

\* \* \*

Clerk (in Rat Hole Hotel):  
"We only have one room with bath, but it's taken. Would you mind sharing it with another man?"

Salesman: "No, not as long as he stays at his end of the tub."

—H. P., Indianapolis, Ind.

## Sid Ceasar

Each generation, since the beginning of history, has considered its period one of anxiety and uncertainty—and our generation is no exception.

Humor with nations as with individuals, is a wonderful antidote for strain and worry and I am thankful that I have been able to play my small part in providing the public with some laughter and helping people forget their troubles.

"Being funny" is hard work—make no mistake about that—but to see men and women forgetting their cares and enjoying themselves is well worth the effort.

Sid Ceasar  
TV Comedy Star—CBS

## National Laugh Week

### SANDY WINS AGAIN

Sandy MacTavish met three friends, and they all stopped in at a bar. The first man said, "I'll treat." So each man ordered a drink, except Sandy who took a cigar.

A short while later the second man treated—each man taking a drink, and Sandy a cigar. The next round the third man treated—each taking a drink except Sandy who took a cigar.

And now finally, it was Sandy's turn to treat. So he passed out cigars.

—C. M., Virginia, Minn.

The beautiful blonde told the struggling young psychiatrist who was wooing her: "I won't marry a man who works for somebody else. Come back when you know how to own your mind business."

—Mrs. O. J., Shelby, N. C.

Three hermits lived in a cave in the sand dunes near a beach and spent most of their time staring out into space, never speaking. One day a shapely young girl in a Bikini bathing suit ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later, one hermit mumbled, "That sure was a pretty pink suit she was wearing."

Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a pink suit. It was white."

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering, I'm leaving."

—J. C. S., Chicago, Ill.

### DEFINITION

A baby sitter's a girl you get  
And pay to watch your TV set.  
—Leo Burke



## Yoo Hoo! There Goes Fluttersail!

A BLOOD CHILLING  
DRAMA THAT WILL  
CURL THE HAIR OF  
EVERY CAR OWNER



THE car we have now is named Gladys, but the one we had before her was called Lucy — or Looney, as the children insisted on spelling it. She got her name when her parts came loose and rattled. Sometimes her battery refused to function but as our town is quite hilly we could usually park her on a downward slope, and after coasting a block or so she'd give a throaty chug-chug and go on under her own power.

One night during Lucy's last summer I had just pulled my nightshirt over my head when my wife said: "Dear, are you going to leave Lucy in the street all night?" It bolstered our pride to pretend that someone might cast covetous eyes upon Lucy — but why women never think of a thing

like hedding down a car while a man still has his pants on, I'll never figure out. It was quite late and I certainly wasn't going to dress again, so I stepped into my house slippers, assured myself that the street was deserted, and dashed out.

Slipping behind the wheel, I turned on the ignition, engaged the gears, released the brake and stepped on the clutch. With groans and squeaks of protest, Lucy began to roll. When she gathered speed I released the clutch, but though she backed and snorted her motor failed to start. I coaxed and Lucy coasted.

Soon we were rolling along at a smart clip and I noticed with some dismay that we were rapidly approaching the town square at the foot of the hill. We passed

Shultz Grocery, rolled by the courthouse, and came to a creaking stop in front of the bandstand.

It seemed to me the square had never been so brightly lighted. Panic seized me. Here I was, one of the town's leading citizens, on the public square at midnight in a nightshirt! I stepped gingerly out onto the street, looking desperately for a familiar face and being not at all sure I wanted to find one. Not a soul was in sight.

My first impulse was to run for the taxi stand a block away, but I recoiled in horror from the thought. No man in his right mind and a bob-tailed nightshirt would confront a bunch of cab drivers. However, the realization that I was cold spurred me to action. Taking advantage of whatever cover was afforded by doorways and alleys, I started at a brisk gallop toward home. My progress was impeded by the flapping nightshirt, so I hoisted it hip high.

I left the square behind and was beginning to have faint hopes of covering the six blocks to our house before being detected, when I heard the sound of a truck behind me. Before I could duck behind a nearby hedge, the oncoming lights had picked out my white-robed figure. A gleeful chorus arose from the occupants of the truck and I knew I'd been spotted by the members of the

## A WOMAN'S WAY

In his wife's old-fashioned wringer,

Charlie Wilson caught his finger. For some time his wife, slack, Wouldn't turn the wringer back. (With this brilliant female tactic She earned herself an automatic.)

—V. D. Palat

local Youth Club returning from a hayride.

I fled up the hill, closely pursued by the truck full of howling youngsters. At the next intersection I quickly turned right, leaped a stone wall and threw myself face down in Ed Mathis's front yard. Above the pounding of my heart and the wheezing of my lungs I could hear the cries of my pursuers.

"Where'd he go? Hey — Fluttersail! Where are you?"

With great relief I heard the voices of my tormentors fade in the distance, but I was so spent from my exertion that all I could do was lie there. Then Ed Mathis's front door opened and in the light that streamed out I could see a woman bidding Mrs. Mathis goodnight. If I ran now she'd surely see me and arouse the whole neighborhood. I lay quite still as she approached, but her startled gasp told me I'd been discovered. I sat up and pulled my nightshirt low over my bare knees.

It was Miss Ava Wiggins, the librarian. She peered at me, more curious than frightened.

"Why, Mr. Clark!" she cried. "Whatever are you doing there?"

I have found it the best policy, when cornered, to tell the truth. "I'm resting," I said.

She leaned closer. "Are you ill?"

"No. Just tired."

"Well, my sakes alive!" she said. "Mr. Clark, have you lost your mind?"

"Certainly not," I assured her. "It's simply that my battery — I mean I had a little trouble with Lucy."

"Eek!" cried Miss Wiggins. She ran back to the house and pounded loudly on the door. "Mr. Mathis!" she called. "Mr. Mathis!"

I scrambled to my feet and made off up the hill. Fortunately, I reflected, Miss Wiggins is known to be a vain woman who refuses to wear her glasses on the street. There was at least an even chance that after trudging up and down beside their stone wall in search of Howard Clark in his nightshirt, Ed and Susan Mathis would simply shake their heads and privately agree that poor Miss Wiggins was getting a little queer.

The light outside my own front door was a welcome sight, but when I spied my wife on the side-

walk looking anxiously down the street, I stopped, arranged my nightshirt carefully, straightened to my full height, and approached with a dignified saunter.

"Darling!" she cried, flinging herself into my arms. "I thought something terrible had happened!"

"Now, now," I soothed her. "I'm all right. It's just that Lucy—"

She drew away. "Where is Lucy? And where, for that matter, is your other shoe?"

I looked in consternation at my one bare foot. Still, if Ed Mathis knocked on my door next morning with a slipper he'd found by his wall, he'd have a heck of a time making Cinderella out of me. I took the other one off and flung it far down the hill.

"That," said my wife, "is the last straw. Galavanting around town in your nightshirt and throwing your slippers away!"

A truck rounded the corner. "Fluttertail!" came a chorus of voices. I made the front door in a series of leaps, but my wife was too astonished to move. Peeking through a curtain, I watched the truck draw up beside her. It was only then that I realized she had on nothing but her gown... Was it my fault if they thought they'd tracked down Fluttertail?

I forgave Lucy, but my wife never did.

—Howard R. Clark

Why not make men's shorts with venetian blinds for people with bay windows?

A labor-saving device is a rich wife.

He's not a yes man. When his boss says no, he says no.

My mother-in-law isn't really bad — just fair to meddling.

He's listed in Who's Who under What's That?

#### NO FREE ADVICE

We never like to take advice  
From those who give it free.  
We like it from a person who  
Will charge a handsome fee!  
—James Konkle

#### BORN TO THE JOB

The department store proprietor approached the personnel manager.

"What's the idea of hiring a cross-eyed man for a store detective?" he demanded.

"Well, just look at him," the manager calmly replied, "can you tell who he's watching?"

—F. G. Kernan



The day was cold and one of the inmates of an asylum was standing in the open yard, clad in only his underwear. A visitor going across the grounds of the institution was horrified.

"That poor man must be freezing," she protested to a guard. "How can you allow him to stand out there in his underwear on such a cold day?"

The guard was quite unperturbed.

"Oh, that fellow is all right, madam," he assured her. "You see, his mind wanders—and right now it's in Miami."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## BREAKING IT GENTLY

The proprietor of a successful optical business was instructing his son how to charge a customer.

"My boy," he said, "after you have fitted the glasses and he asks what the charge will be, you say: 'The charge is \$12.' Then pause and wait to see if he flinches.

If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, 'For the frames. The lenses will be another \$12.

Then you pause again, this time only slightly and watch for the flinch. If the customer doesn't flinch, you say, firmly, 'Each.'"

—F. Madigan, W. Aust.

First Mechanic: "Which do you prefer, leather or fabric upholstery?"

Second Mechanic: "I like fabrics; leather is too hard to wipe your hands on."

## HOW TIME FLIES

A musician had played in a certain orchestra for 46 years. Then one day he heard a rumor that the orchestra was going to be disbanded.

"Is it true?" he asked the leader.

"Yes," was the reply.

It was a blow after all those years of service. The musician stood there for a second, then burst out, "If I'd known it wasn't a steady job, I'd never have taken it in the first place!"

## THE PERFECT LIFE

In the club car the conversation turned to the merits and demerits of various ways of preserving health. One stout gentleman held forth with great eloquence on the subject.

"Look at me!" he said. "Never a day's illness in my life, and all due to simple food. Why, gentlemen," he continued, "from the age of twenty to that of forty I lived an absolutely simple regular life—no effeminate delicacies, no late hours, no extravagances.

Every day, in fact, summer and winter, I was in bed regularly at nine o'clock and up again at five in the morning. I worked from eight to noon, then had lunch—a plain lunch, mark my words: after that an hour's exercise; then—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted a stranger in the corner, "but what were you in for?"

—U. F. N., Hutchinson, Kan.

## A SURE SENSATION

Gorgeous Gal: (shopping for a bathing suit): "No, I don't like that color."

Salesgirl: "Now if you'd wear a suit to match your hose, you'd be a sensation."

Gal: "I certainly would. I'm not wearing any hose."

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Tex.

## Marie Wilson

No matter how serious things may be, there's always a laugh behind them. If you don't believe it—try it yourself. Take the subject of books. I have a friend who is writing a volume on chlorophyll and claims it will be a best seller. He also writes radio scripts and one day he couldn't find his latest manuscript so he complained to his wife that the baby threw it out. Don't be absurd," she

said, "you know the baby can't read yet."



Or consider the human race. If people look shorter to you nowadays when they sit down, it's because they're sitting on flat wallets. One nice thing about babies is, they don't go around telling people the bright things their parents said. And, as for women—they may not be able to sharpen a pencil with a knife, but you never catch them trying to unlock the door with a fountain pen at three a.m.

To sum it all up, I think the best philosophy lies in that old phrase, "Eat, drink and be merry—for tomorrow you die."

Marie Wilson  
Radio and TV  
Comedienne—CBS

## National Laugh Week

### NICK OF TIME!

The man was returning home with his usual empty bag after a fruitless hunt for ducks. And he knew his wife was going to give him the usual ribbing about his prowess as a hunter. So he went by a market and bought three dressed ducks.

When he arrived home he proudly threw the ducks on the table and said: "Well, here they are! You see, I'm not such a bad shot after all, don't you?"

The wife, after examining the ducks, said: "Well, all I've got to say is that it's a good thing you shot those ducks today; it surely would have been too late if you'd shot 'em tomorrow!"

—Mont Hurst

### RANG THE BELL

The fond mother confronted her daughter.

"Did you let that young man kiss you last night?"

"Well, Mother, he told me he had lost an uncle and I felt sorry for him," came the quick reply.

"If I know anything about that young man," her mother reproved, "he won't have a relative left in a week."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

### A SPORTING CHANCE

Most people say that my good wife

Is such a fragile thing.  
But having lived with her I'd say  
She should be in the ring!

—A. Ingram

## Talent Will Always Win!



The other evening I watched a cultural little item on television called, *Talent Tryout*, or something along that line. Being rather representative of this type of show, perhaps it bears a slight discussion.

It began with a fanfare and out bounded a swilling emcee called Jack. ("Just call me, Jack!") Promising big things ahead, Jack introduced his first contestant, a nervous young man who came cautiously on stage carrying a violin. Jack unloaded a few pointed rib-ticklers on the nature of his instrument, and then bade him play. The lad gave what I thought to be a fine rendition of a well-known violin concerto.

The next contestant was a young lady wearing an evening gown which brought from the audience the usual quota of whist-

les. Jack greeted her with questions on her professional background. She had once sung at Tanglewood, which reminded Jack of a summer cottage he had by that name. The girl sang an operatic selection and did it very well too. She had a nice clear style, and should go a long ways.

The third contestant, a young man wearing a loud sport jacket and crew cut, came tripping on stage. His talent was playing musical spoons. The orchestra beat its way into a lively tune and the lad began to rattle away on the spoons.

He waved them all around when he "played", then suddenly, a spoon flew from his hand and he had to run across the stage to retrieve it. To cover for the boy, Jack leaped behind him and did a modified Charleston.

When the boy had cleared the stage, Jack waved his arms and shouted, "That's all the contestants we have time for. Now by your applause, show who you think's the winner!"

He introduced the lad and his violin. The audience gave him a token clap. Next the girl singer, and she got a slightly better round of applause. Then the boy with the spoons stepped forward and the audience stomped and cheered. It was no contest.

Turning to the spoon player, Jack said, "Can you be ready to

go with our road show, next week, starting at five hundred a week?" The boy dropped his spoons and the audience roared.

Then turning to the losers, Jack said, "Well, better luck next time. I hope this young man has been a real inspiration to you both. It just shows what hard work and study will do. And always remember, Talent will win . . . especially on this show."

—Wendell Smith

## CAREFUL OLD COOT

A friend of ours visited his old uncle who lives on a farm up Northern Minnesota way. The old gent ran out of firewood last winter and has spent the summer and fall chopping and sawing insurance against another such mishap next winter.

The old gent has firewood stacked all over the place, piles of it. He observed, "This is one winter I'm not going to freeze to death, unless I run out of matches."

—A. C., St. Paul, Minn.

"Who was the first man to have a 40-hour week?"

"Robinson Crusoe. He had all his work done by Friday."

One skunk to another: "I just ain't got it anymore. Somebody musta slipped me a slug of chlorophyll."

—A. T., Gilbert, Minn.

## SENSELESS SAL

A gal I know is rather dumb, She really should know better; She thinks a Jersey cow is one That always wears a sweater.

—F. G. Kernan

## APPROPRIATE MUSIC

During one of the political tours of President Cleveland in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived at a town where he was supposed to speak during a severe storm.

As he entered the carriage and was driven from the station, the rain turned to hail and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle.

A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the President.

"What are they playing?" asked the Secretary of State.

"Hail to the Chief—with real hail!" replied President Cleveland.

—E. M., Troy, N.Y.

## SO THEY DO!

"Why not marry," said Mr. Newlywed to the woman-hater, "and have a wife to share your lot?"

"It sounds all right," was the reply, "but some of these shareholders blossom into directors."

## SHORT SHOTS

You've got to give those waiters credit. Last week a couple of them painted the check trays silver so you won't be able to see your change. . . . **LOST:** Brown toupee. Call MA 0-4235. Ask for Baldy. . . . I know a place where they give you a penknife with every suit you buy. In case you get caught in the rain you can slash your way out. . . . I know a guy who drank all his life and died at the age of 86. Ran into a bad pretzel.

A Woman's Club is where they knock after they enter. . . . Hill-William: a formal hill-billy. . . . I can't understand it. Half of every cigarette goes for taxes and the other half goes into the ash-tray — so why smoke? . . . The last time I loaned somebody a tuxedo, I had to dig him up to get it back.

—Laughs Unltd.

A refugee from Germany was feeling extremely blue shortly after her arrival in this country. She was a stranger in a strange land. A next door neighbor tried to reassure her by saying that she and her husband were "as snug as a bug in a rug."

Later in the day she again saw her comforter and said: "I told my husband what you said about us being as snug as a louse in a carpet. He liked that!"

—D. G. K., San Francisco, Calif.

## A HORRIBLE THOUGHT

A neighbor invited another to visit him one night and while they were talking, an automobile horn blew. He jumped as though very scared. His host said: "Why do you jump every time you hear an automobile horn blow?"

He replied: "My wife ran away with the chauffeur and everytime I hear an automobile horn blow it excites me. I'm afraid he's bringing her back."

—H. T., Holdrege, Nebraska

Johnny had seen his mother measure a yard by holding one end to her nose and the other at arms length. One day he came running in with a piece of rope. "Here Mother," he said, "Smell this and see how long it is."

—C. W., Chicago, Ill.

## SALARY PLUS BONUS

He thought that they were all alone

That day he kissed the maid  
But the butler got a candid shot  
And he's paid and paid and paid!

—Kathryn Gelander

## GEORGE POSNER'S LATEST JOKE BOOK

The famous jokester's best. No pamphlet but a 96 page volume of the gayest, cleverest jokes and cartoons you ever read or your money refunded. Price: \$1.00—George A. Posner, P. O. Box 1162, Los Angeles, 95, Calif.



"HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SECOND-PIDDLE WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR MARY?"

## LUCKY HE WASN'T

A man touring Europe sent back to his son a picture postcard which bore the following message: "Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans threw their defective children. Wish you were here.—Your Dad."

—H. E. Zimmerman

## OPEN AND SHUT CASE

You'll find by traveling East and West

And even North and South,  
That nothing's opened by mistake  
As often as one's mouth.

—F. G. Kemm

## THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Didn't you hear me," asked the cop,

"When I yelled at you to stop?"

"I heard a voice," I did admit,  
"But thought t'was someone I had hit."

—Jack Herbert

## DENTAL APPOINTMENT

We, at last, do muster courage  
To the dentist we repair—  
And we find the tooth quits aching  
Just before we reach the chair.

—Howie Lasserer

## Pardon My Red Face!

In Bloomingburg, N. Y., a gentleman named Van Winkle (of all things), left his father's home some time ago without notice of departure or destination. Recently, he returned home and went to bed. Police quickly awoke him and arrested him for disorderly conduct. His father had sold the house while he was away.

A judge in Jacksonville, Fla., heard gambling charges against 13 defendants and slapped fines on each of them. Then, returning to his office, he was informed that he held the winning ticket on a \$600 boat, motor, and trailer. The prize resulted from a contest sponsored by a high school parents' club!

In Birmingham, Ala., a gent picked up his mail at the Post-office Building and was glancing through it casually when FBI agents arrested him. On the second floor of the same building, one of his friends had just pleaded guilty to auto theft and had implicated him.

Also in Birmingham, a citizen was surprised, outraged, and jolted in fast succession when police

naked to see his left shoe, then arrested him and clamped him in durance vile. At a burglary scene, the sleuths had found the print of a size 11 left shoe with a worn spot on the sole clearly outlined. The citizen-suspect's shoe matched the print, worn spot included.

In a small Georgia town, where everybody knows everybody else, a young matron had to appear in traffic court to pay a fine for a minor offense. As she prepared to write a check, her friend, the judge, noticed her trembling hands. "I'm afraid you're upset," he said. "You can pay this later." "Oh, no," she replied. "I'm perfectly at ease." Then she wrote out the check and signed it with the name of the judge's wife.

In New Orleans, a strict law-abiding citizen was rendered speechless and slack-jawed when the lady he was accompanying asked a policeman to arrest him.

The lady, he was certain, was his wife. As he had walked beside her, he had been a little annoyed as she picked up speed, and he had asked, "What's the rush, honey?" It was then she called the officer, and it was then he discovered that he had never seen her before.

His wife had paused some yards back to window shop. He

hadn't noticed the quick stop, and had innocently "taken up" with another fair pedestrian.

—Jack Kytle

## A DAY TOO LATE

McPherson and McTavish who indulged too often were having a hard time with their complaining wives. Finally in desperation they agreed to go on the wagon but as a safety precaution purchased a fifth of scotch to be put aside and used only in case of illness.

A few days went by, long days for the two men, when McTavish approached McPherson and in a whining tone of voice complained, "I'm not feeling very well today."

"Too bad, too bad," sighed McPherson. "I didn't feel very well myself yesterday."

—J. C. S., Chicago, Illinois

## THERE'S NO FUN LEFT

"Junior: "Gee Pop, it's almost impossible to be a pioneer any more."

Pop: "Explain."

Junior: "Well, Harry and me got lost from our camp in the country last summer and we trudged over the dry hard fields for miles. We were just beginning to feel like Davy Crockett when Harry sighted what we thought was a mirage."

Pop: "And was it?"

Junior: "No. An outdoor movie."

—Mrs. R. S., St. Marys, W. Va.

## CHOOSE YOUR TOOLS

"You look as if you didn't get much sleep last night."

"I didn't. The couple next door were fighting all night, hammer and tongs."

"Who won?"

"She did. She had the hammer."

—H. J. T., Holdrege, Nebr.

## A REGULAR CAREER

Up in the mountains, Old Granny Brown was an inveterate smoker. In fact she was never seen without her homemade corn-cob pipe clamped between her toothless jaws. When asked what she was doing when not smoking, she replied. "Fillin' and lightin' son."

—E. Carlson

## A MODERN TRIUMPH

The murders intrigue us,  
The scandals are great,  
We gasp when a movie star  
Takes a new mate,  
The comics are thrilling,  
Superlative class!  
We lustily cheer for  
Old Hopalong Casa,  
The ads help us reach a  
Household decision  
On such things as furniture  
And television;  
But blood pressure reaches  
The highest point, maybe,  
When some dame in  
Hollywood  
Brings forth a baby!

—W. L. Hudson

## HOLD EVERYTHING!

The regular auctioneer was sick so he asked his friend to take over for him at a nearby farm. All went well until a billy goat was brought out. The friend didn't know what it was so he called the auctioneer on the phone and asked him:

"How do I describe this creature? I never saw anything like it. It has a gray coat, a mean and nasty look, gray whiskers, and smells to high heaven."

"Holy mackerel," shouted the boss. "Don't auction that. That's the farmer."

—Mrs. D. D., Eureka, Cal.

## THE VERY LAST WORD

The girls at a restaurant table were discussing a shattered romance. "It's all a mystery to me," sighed the heroine of the story. "All I know is one afternoon at the office I got to thinking about him, so I wrote him a long letter, saying just what I thought about stuff and things, and I never heard from him again."

Disgustedly, her girl friend told her: "So you had to go and open your big typewriter."

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

"I wonder what's the matter with our star basketball player — he looks so unhappy."

"It's because his father is always writing him for money."

## A TRICKY LAYOUT

A visitor at the golf club teed up for the first hole, made a wild swing and completely missed the ball.

"It's a good thing I found out at the start," he said. "This course is at least two inches lower than the course I usually play."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## HOW ABOUT THIS?

Clem said he once had a chicken that could lay colored eggs.

First he would wave a red cloth in front of her, and she'd drop a red egg.

Then he tried a blue cloth, and so on. Each time he waved a colored cloth, the hen would lay an egg to match the color of the cloth.

"One day I waved a patch blanket," says Clem. "And the darn fool chicken stripped her gears."

—Jim Bishop

## TODAY'S WORST PUN

Canvasback Hogan, a fighter, was being carried to the dressing room after suffering the 18th knockout of his career.

A sports writer who helped revive the fighter said: "Canvasback, did your opponent hit you harder tonight than any of your other competitors?"

Canvasback tried to shake the glassiness out of his eyes. "Naw," he said. "I've seen better dase."

—Morris Bender

They say he was a dirty fighter. But he couldn't help it. No bath in his training quarters.

• • •

They operated the hotel on the honor system — no house detective.

• • •

I didn't mind it when he kept borrowing books from me but when he asked to borrow my bookcase, I hit him.

• • •

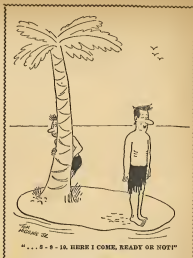
He's perfected a portable TV set with a one-inch screen. Only drawback is it needs a 85 foot aerial.

## THAT'S NO CURE

"Look here," said the doctor, "you're only slightly run down. Go and cheer yourself up at one of these snappy revues, with dancing beauties. It will take your mind off business."

"That's just what it won't do," muttered the patient. "I'm an artificial-leg manufacturer."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.



Two broom sellers met in a street.

"Ang it all," said one, "I don't see 'ow you can sell these 'ere blooming brooms fer a shilling. I steals the brush, an' I steals the wire, an' I steals the 'andles, an' I can't sell 'em fer a shilling and make any money on it."

"It's simple," the other replied: "I steals 'em ready-made."

—F. M., Perth, W. Aust.

## Corking Good Tags

BESS SCHNAPPS owns a saloon in the Bowery, N. J. . . . D. CANTOR runs a liquor store in the Bronx and N. BIBER operates a package store in Brooklyn . . . R. V. WISER was installed President of the Newark branch of the A. A. .

A parolee from Snake Hill prison was given a job by a Bayonne, N. J. jeweler. His name: WILL E. LAST . . . A Salt Lake City bank sent a check back to a merchant marked "no account." The signature on the check was R. V. STUNG . . . A Japanese arrested in San Diego, Calif., for distributing worthless checks signed them I. NOGATA.

VERA LARGE is listed in the N. Y. phone directory . . . There's an APPEL JACK in the N. J. phone book . . . O. HECK is in the Chicago book . . . WATTA FANI lives with her mother, in New York City.

There's a piano salesman on 57th Street, N. Y., tagged HARRY TRUMAN . . . OTTO WORK is a city employee in Hoboken . . . RALPH SURPLUS is a temporary riveter for the Bayonne Naval Base . . . In Oceana, W. Va., the leading candidate for

postmaster was PLEASE WRIGHT.

WILL E. DROWNE of Newburgport, Mass., enlisted in the U. S. Navy . . . POPP and MOMM are roommates at the U. S. Naval Academy . . . LT. COL. R. B. THRIFT is Chief of the Budget Division at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

—Buster Rothman

## THE BATTERED OAK

I think that I shall never see,  
Along the road, an unscrapped tree  
With bark intact, and painted white.

That no car ever hit at night.  
For every tree that's near the road

Has caused some auto to be towed.

Sideswiping trees is done a lot  
By drivers who are not so hot.  
God gave them eyes so they could see,

Yet any fool can hit a tree.

—Max Kosbe

## THE PRIZE ATTRACTION

The 4-year-old, who took her nursery stories very seriously, pleased her parents by her extraordinary eagerness to make the cross-country trip for the first visit with her grandmother. On arrival, however, she paid scant attention to that lady. "Where's your wolf?" she demanded.

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## RIGHT OFF THE COB

The fellow who goes through life looking for something soft will usually find it under his hat . . . Many a man who thinks he has a girl on the string finds too late that he is on the end with the hook . . . A girl in good shape is the reason for many a man being in bad shape.

It's easy for girls to walk the straight and narrow if they're built straight and narrow . . . Platonic love is like being invited down to the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale . . . Love at first sight is a great help on a three-day furlough.

—H. L. Lasseter

## WELL SAID, MAHMUD

A wealthy Moslem was visiting a business associate in New York. On Broadway one day they passed an attractive, trimly dressed young woman that drew the visitor's attention to such extent that he momentarily fumbled the words on his lips.

"Slick chick, eh, Mahmud?" the New Yorker remarked.

"Yes," said the Moslem. "I'd like very much to roost her in my beu-house."

—C. A. B., Los Angeles, Calif.

The gravediggers of a Tennessee city have organized, taking out cards with the CIO Cannery and Packers Union.

—W. T., Dayton, Ohio

## FRIEND OF THE FARMER

A political candidate sought out a mountain farmer and earnestly solicited his support. But the host he could get from the old man was a promise to consider his appeal. "I think, though," warned the mountaineer, "that I'm gonna vote for the other fellow."

To the candidate's surprise, however, on election day the farmer appeared and promised him his vote.

"Thank you very much," said the politician. "But would you mind telling me what made you decide to vote for me?"

"Well, sir," replied the mountaineer, "I got to thinkin' about you standin' by my pigpen and scratchin' the old sow on the back till she laid down with the pure pleasure of it. And I said to myself, 'When a fellow's that sociable, I can't be the man to vote against him!'"

—D. G. K., San Francisco, Cal.

## THE WINNAHI

My garden did fine,  
For at the fair,  
My neighbors' chickens  
Took first prize there.

—Mrs. Grant Hardy

## DOWN-TO-EARTH FACT

There's many a alp  
Worn too low on the hip—  
And many a feller  
Who dnan't tell her!

—Ivan Collins



## Report of the Baby Sitter:



"Hello? . . . Oh, hello, Mrs. Blits. How's the party? . . . Oh, yes, everything's fine here at home. Billy's fine. The firemen said the water damage won't be noticeable if the slipcovers are dry-cleaned."

The firemen?—Well, they came to put out the fire in the wastebasket in the living room. . . . I didn't even know Billy had the matches until it was too late. . . . No, there's no need to come home now, everything's fine. You just have a good time and don't worry.

Eat? . . . Yes, he ate . . . Well, he had some mothballs and the rest of the matches . . . Oh no, no, nothing like that. Dr. Wells pumped his stomach and he's fine, just fine. Running around here having a good time, aren't you Billy? Want to talk to Mommy?

No, I guess he doesn't want to talk to you . . . What? . . . No, no, there's no reason for you to come home early. We agency sitters are thoroughly trained. Just don't worry . . . Sleep? No, not yet. I thought I'd rock him to sleep a little later. I brought along some nice rocks and . . . What's that? You're coming home? . . . But Mrs. Blits . . ."

—Raymond Bried

### THE SHIFTY TYPE

Mr. Henspenny had been a hard worker and a faithful employee for eight years. And for eight years he had never been absent or late. Then one morning it happened, he arrived for work an hour and a half late, his clothes torn, his face and hands scratched and bloody.

Pointing to the wall clock his boss shouted, "Why are you late?"

Trembling, Henspenny replied in a frightened voice, "I leaned out a window and fell three stories."

"That took you an hour and a half?" stormed the boss. "You're fired!"

—Joseph Charles Salak

### USELESS OCCUPATION

Ike said to Abe, "Why don't you work?"

Abe laughed with fiendish glee. And said to Ike, "Why should I work?"

To support a hum like me?"

—Dawn Flanery Parker

### JUSTICE GETS BUSY

The marriage ceremony had been concluded and the justice of peace stood regarding the couple with an air of expectancy.

"Are we married?" the bridegroom inquired.

"You are," the justice replied.

"Firm and tight?"

"As tight as the law can bind you."

"Then," said the bridegroom, "I'm sorry to tell you that I haven't a cent to pay you. I'll have to see you later."

The justice frowned. He had counted on two dollars at least. "I don't know about that," he declared. "My terms are cash, and if you can't pay I'll have to find some means of declaring the contract null and void. Let me see, I have it. You have grossly misrepresented the lady's age. When anybody can see that she isn't a day over 17, you told me she was 26."

The bride, who was nearly forty, smiled delightedly—and paid the justice five dollars.

—L. W., Westington Springs, S. D.

### SHADE OF DIFFERENCE

You clung with fondness to my side,

My hashful, scarlet-blushing bride;

The years have passed since first we wed:

Now I'm the one who's in the red!

—Avery Giles

### SAVES TIME

Barbara: "Why did you park here when there are nicer places farther on?"

Bob: "This is love at first site."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

### FIRST THINGS FIRST

A young farmer bought a new cow which turned out to have a very mean temper and was almost impossible to control. The farmer's wife tried to milk the cow, much to the amusement of a neighbor farmer. After wrestling around with the cow for a time, the woman received some very hard knocks.

"It looks like I'll have to milk the critter myself," the farmer said, picking up the milk pail.

"You can't do that," the watching neighbor cried out, his amusement fading. "I'll get my wife to help milk the cow. We men can't afford to get laid up if we're to win that hall game Saturday."

—E. L. J., St. Joseph, Mo.

### YOU—IN FULL COLOR!

A PERSONAL DRAWING OF YOU in full color, drawn by Lou Maglia, noted illustrator. Excellent for your desk or wall. Each sketch 5½" by 8½", shows you full length at your favorite hobby. Send clear photo, jot down age, height, weight, color of hair and full address.

Each sketch only five dollars. Quick service, satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo and payment to Laugh Book Magazine, 438 North Main, Wichita, Kansas.

## HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

Conductor: "Next station is Long Wait Junction. Change cars for Mauch Chunk, Squeedunk, Quake and Podunk. Hokendakus, Catasqua, Mecanqua and Tamaqua."

Green Brakeman (at other end of car): "Same at this end."

—C. W., Phila., Penna.

## THAT'LL TEACH HIM

The psychiatrist had a highly neurotic patient who required a long course of treatment. The psychiatrist had been having great success in resolving the patient's complexes, but he hadn't been able to teach him to remember to pay his bill.

Month after month, the doctor billed him, but the neurotic didn't pay a cent. In desperation, after the sixth month, the psychiatrist put a personal note on the bill.

"Dear sir: This bill is long overdue. If you do not pay immediately, I am going to let you go crazy."

—L. W., Oakland, Cal.

## PAID AT LAST

The young man went into the shop and said to the cashier: "I wish to pay the last instalment on this perambulator."

The smiling cashier handed him his receipt and asked: "And how is the baby?" "Oh, I'm feeling fine, thank you," was the reply.

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## SHORT TRIP CALIFORNIA

Where movie stars  
Hang over bars.

## MEXICO

Hard beans and beads  
Fill natives' needs.

## FLORIDA

This summer comes  
To frozen hums.

## NEW YORK

High skyscrapers  
Top man's capers.  
GRAND CANYON  
Here gaunt and great  
Expectorate!

—Dick Hayman

## BRIGHT YOUNGSTER

Little Marvin, age 7, was taken to the zoo to see the animals. He stood before the cage of the spotted leopard for a few minutes, staring intently. Then, turning to his mother, he asked, "Say Ma, is that the dotted lion that everybody wants Dad to sign on?"

—J. F. N., Hutchinson, Kans.

What nationality were Adam and Eve?

Soviet citizens, of course. Nothing to wear, only an apple to eat, but living in Paradise.

—O. J., Shelby, Ill.

The Marin County, California, Hospital waiting room for expectant fathers displays a sign that reads: "Heirport."

—M. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

## Bob Hawk

America needs more laughs to help balance the year's worries, especially in these times of high taxation. I've noticed that the take-home pay of some people can hardly

stand the trip. Nowadays, people take themselves too seriously like the fellow who dropped his psychiatrist a postcard which read: "Having wonderful time Why?"



You don't have to hunt very far for some laughs. Married men just look across the breakfast table. Bachelors are always happy—they're not spouse-broken.

I admit that high prices affect everybody. In fact, in the old days I used to have money to burn—now all I have is a little soot on my hands. But my worries are small, compared to a friend of mine who is a sword swallower and had to quit a circus troupe because they wanted him to take a cut.

Bob Hawk

Radio Quizmaster—CBS

## National Laugh Week

### A REAL TRIBUTE

Driving in the country a man was approached by a car driven by a woman who careened wildly from one side of the road to the other. He did his best to avoid a collision, but she ran into him anyway. "Why didn't you signal what you wanted to do?" he asked angrily.

"Because," she snapped, "there's no signal for what I wanted to do!"

—Al Spong

The young mother concerned about her baby who was unable to hold anything on its stomach him to a physician. After M. J. treatments she proudly reported:

"Oh, he's just fine now. He's eating solids—keys, newspapers and pencils."

—Joseph Charles Salak

Orson Welles and an actor friend took a cab one day to the Newark airport. Halfway to their destination the cab broke down and they finally got a lift in a garbage truck.

As they were passing through the airport gate, the guard on duty called to the driver:

"What have you got there?"

"Actors and garbage," the driver answered.

Welles' friend started to make an angry retort but Welles stopped him.

"Take it easy," he said, "He gave us top billing didn't he?"

—H. C. S., Daytona Beach, Fla.

"What happened to the young man who used to take you out?"

"He took me in."

—F. Madigan, W. Aust.

## My Wife Sells Greeting Cards!



As far as wives go mine stacks up pretty well with the majority. Her culinary art is a little better than average. She includes my favorite dishes as often as her own; even when she doesn't want a new dress or some new do-dad for the house. My white shirts look as good as most of the fellows at the Elks.

She is the best lawn mower in the neighborhood and usually weeds her own flower garden. I appreciate her helping hand on our two acre ranch where we keep seven thousand chickens. She's active in church, clubs and her favorite charity. She donates blood to the Red Cross and finds time to dash off an article now and then which she somehow manages to sell.

BUT — it has always been her heart's desire to own and operate a card and gift shop. Since the

above paragraphs make this impossible—she sells greeting cards at home. When I ask her 'why', she says, "Just for fun". As far as I can find out, that must be the only reason. This little hobby of hers has caused me no end of grief. Even my mother-in-law is on my side. Alas—my wife persists in selling greeting cards.

First she had to register with the Bureau of Identification. This made me feel like I was married to a criminal. Sometimes the way she runs her card business I think maybe I am.

She takes orders from our friends and neighbors. These she sends to the card company, enclosing my personal check. When the merchandise comes, via parcel post, she uses my car, my gas and my time to deliver it.

She collects the money and pockets it — one hundred percent profit! Fellows, if we could run our businesses like that, we would all be millionaires — we would also all be in prison. My wife and I file a joint income tax. Her few dollars of profit put me just one dollar over into the next highest income bracket, and it's "Papa who pays".

She invites her friends over for

### OVERHEARD:

"Tonight let's talk of the higher things of life — like basketball players."

the evening and says, "Bring your husband along, he can visit with Al (that's me) while we look at cards." So — I take the husband out to the dinette and we get just as comfortable as possible on the hard, straight backed chairs. Then this fellow proceeds to drink half a fifth of my best bourbon. Under the circumstances I need my half, but he could do with less.

Of course the television set is in the living room, but the ladies are in there reclining in the soft chairs and viewing — not the television, but the greeting cards. Some day I hope to get real brave and tell her to show her cards in the dinette and sit on those hard chairs herself. I wouldn't mind quite so much furnishing all the bourbon if I could at least relax in a soft chair and watch television. Instead, I have to listen to everyone's family strife, and it makes me mad to have them drown their sorrows in my bourbon.

If my wife wasn't such a good wife and mother, I'd just put my foot down and say "No more selling cards." Since she is, well — I'll just have to bear up under it and hope something will come up to put an end to it. In the meantime, if some of you fellows reading this are wondering how I got by writing this — I didn't — my wife did!

—L. B. Clark

## OUT OF HAND

A mountain woman visiting a friend was shocked to see her nurse a three-year-old child. "That young un's too big to be a-nursin'," she exclaimed. "It's high time you weaned him, Samantha."

"Don't I know it," was the reply, "but ev'ry time I try, he throws stones at me."

—L. J. B., Seattle, Wash.

## IMAGINE THIS!

A clerk in the appliance department of a large store approached a customer. "Could I be of service to you, mister?" asked the clerk.

"My name is Winterbottom," said the man, "and I would like to trade in my appliance for a Hotpoint."

—Morris Bender

## HE'S NO NUMSKULL

"You must drink hot water with your whiskey," the doctor told his patient, "otherwise you masn't take it at all."

"But how shall I get the water," queried the patient. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky punch."

"Tell her you want a shave," the doctor said.

The next day the doctor called and asked the wife how the patient was. "He's clean mad," she replied. "He's shaving every ten minutes."

—F. Madigan, W. Aust.

## POINT OF VIEW

At the wedding, Ma will say,  
"He's taking our poor girl  
away!"

But Pa says, "Ma, you are mis-  
taken;

He's the one who's being  
taken!"

—Herman Robison

## HOLD ON FRIEND

Two drunks were walking  
By the railroad tracks.  
Both were complaining  
'Bout their aching backs.  
They moved along at  
The rate of a snail,  
'Cause both of them clung  
To the low handrail!

—Lee Rosder

## SAD STORY

Here lies the body of our Anna  
Done to death by a banana.  
It wasn't the fruit that laid her  
low,  
But the skin of the thing that  
made her go.

—Howie Lawster

## YOUNGER DEGENERATION

In these days of self expression  
And parental de-control,  
The sinner minds the children  
Who don't mind a blessed soul!

—Avery Giles

The undertaker was complain-  
ing about business. Suddenly his  
wife nudged him. "Sh-h-h-h-h,  
here comes a customer," she said.  
"Cheer up and look sad!"

—D. G. K., San Francisco, Calif.

## OOPS! PARDON ME!

The journey up the San Joa-  
quin Valley of California on the  
local train was tedious. All win-  
dows were open because of the  
intense heat. A half-grown boy  
sat in the seat ahead. I dozed.

While I slept, a man boarded  
the car and sat down beside the  
boy, first placing his hat in the  
haggage rack above. Then he left  
his seat and went into another  
coach. The next thing I knew, the  
train stopped at a small station  
and our boy got off.

As the train was starting again,  
I glanced up and saw the hat  
above the boy's seat and saw the  
boy on the platform — hatless. I  
jumped up, grabbed the hat and  
threw it out of the window toward  
the boy, calling to him, "You for-  
got your hat!"

Then I settled back with the  
satisfaction of duty well done.  
About this time, a strange man  
came down the aisle and searched  
all around. Finally, he said to me,  
"Pardon me, but did you see any-  
thing of my hat up there in the  
haggage rack?"

—M. R., San Diego, Cal.

## MARITAL AND MART

Ruth Pulling, a redhead with  
flair, and  
Pulled men after her every  
But when she became  
A wife, then her name  
Was Mrs. Ruth Pulling d'Haar

—H. W. P.

## TALL TALE FROM TEXAS

Don't let California tell you  
they've got bigger trees than Tex-  
as 'cause it just ain't so! Why,  
out our way they felled a hollow  
tree across the Red River at a  
place that was too deep to ford  
and would cost too much to build  
a bridge across.

One day when I was comin'  
through this tree-bridge with a  
load of hay, I met another man  
with a wagon-load of hay comin'  
through from the other end. I  
couldn't go back, and there wasn't  
room to pass him, so I just pull-  
ed off into a hollow branch and  
let the other fellow go past me.

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Texas

## THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!

"Iceland," said teacher in the  
geography class, "is about as large  
as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote John at ex-  
amination time, "is about as large  
as teacher."

—C. W., Phila., Penna.

## COLD PROPOSITION

Dad takes a cold shower  
Each morn on the dot,  
The rest of the family  
Have taken the hot!

—F. G. Kerman

## HANDICRAFTS

wife. My wife and I were proud of the cups  
we From which we sipped;  
They were hand-painted—  
ne. They're now hand-chipped.

—Leonard Schiff

## A NEAT COMPARISON

An American journalist in Rus-  
sia was permitted to see a Soviet  
factory in company with a Rus-  
sian journalist. Grudgingly the  
American had to concede that it  
was modern and efficient, the  
equal of many American factories.  
"Who owns this fine factory?"  
he asked.

"The workers," said his Rus-  
sian guide.

The American looked out the  
window and saw a large, shiny  
black limousine. "Who owns that  
handsome car?" he asked.

"The Director of the factory,"  
was the reply.

A few months later the Russian  
journalist came to the United  
States and the American was as-  
signed to show him one of our  
factories. The Russian was prop-  
erly impressed and at the end of  
the tour asked, "Who owns this  
factory?"

"That runty looking little man  
over there named Brown," said  
the American.

The Russian looked out the  
window and saw a parking lot  
filled with several thousand au-  
tomobiles. "Who owns all of those  
cars?" he asked.

"The workers," was the reply.

—H. H., Washington, D. C.

"Woe is me," said the soprano,  
after being fitted to false teeth,  
"I'll now have to sing 'falsetto!'"

—E. M. S., Peabody, Mass.

# Latrine Gazette

Conducted by Herb Smith

## Memoirs of an old Sarge:

The tall, lanky young farm-hand from the deep hills of the Ozarks was having a tough time becoming adjusted to the rigors of military discipline at his basic training camp of Fort Leonard Wood. Finally, exasperated almost beyond his endurance, he spoke to his platoon leader about it, only to be advised he hadn't seen anything yet.

"Ya think this is tough, big boy? Hell, ya ain't seen nothin', yet! Just wait'll we git to Korea!"

A few weeks later the outfit entrained for a staging area at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, for the final shakedown and make-ready for shipment overseas.

At Kilmer the screws were really applied and our rustic recruit hero found to his dismay that discipline there at the staging area was far rougher than it had been down at Leonard Wood. Once more he trudged to the bunkside of his sarge with his complaint.

And again the combat veteran strove to reassure the big John. "Like I was sayin' down at Wood, big fella, this may be tough, but it ain't nothin' like it'll be once we git overseas!"

Ozark Ike staggered back, clapping a ham-like hand to his aching brow. "Fer Pete's sake, sarge — ain't THIS Korea?"

The young boys of a Midwestern post organized a baseball team, and the men of the garrison chipped in a cash fund of nearly \$30.00 so the lads could buy a couple of bats, gloves and balls for the first game, scheduled for the following Saturday against a pickup nine of town youngsters.

On the day of the game a number of soldiers drifted over to the post diamond to watch the post kids play their first game, and were amazed to find the Post Juniors equipped with only one baseball, one bat, and one catcher's mitt.

"Fer Pete's sake, son," demas-

ed a grizzled old sergeant of his young hopeful, captain of the kids' nine, "is this all the equipment you bought with the cash we collected for you?"

"Yep," the boy admitted. "You see, Pop, it's this way — you told us to spend that money on anything that we thought might help to win this game, so we gave most of the cash to Sergeant O'Rourke, who's going to be the umpire."

## THE MAGNETIC TYPE

A Post-Exchange manager at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, asked each salesgirl to keep a list of the various items requested during the day. At closing time, the lists of all were handed in. One read: "Toothpaste, shaving cream, DATE, shaving cream, DATE, razor, soap, wash rag, towel, DATE, cigarettes, matches, pipe, DATE. . . ."

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

## PROMOTE THAT MAN

Sgt.: "Suppose you were on guard and the ammunition dump blew up. What would you do?"

Bookie: "Fire my rifle three times to awaken the camp."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

A soldier got a letter from his wife containing a sketch of their car's dashboard. "This," she wrote, "is an exact duplicate of the instrument panel. Do we need a quart of oil?"

—Don Tanner

## STRICTLY EXCLUSIVE

The roving eye of Rastus Jones fell on a luscious, dusky belle who was eating alone in a Harlem cafeteria. He suggested that they might have a few dances together at the Savoy ballroom.

"Just one minute, big boy," replied the young lady, "is you a member of the 23rd Infantry, the 57th Coast Artillery, the 22nd Cavalry or the 141st Marines?"

"No, I am not," admitted Private Jones.

"Go 'way, big boy," replied the siren, "I've private stock."

—H. L., Ft. Worth 14, Texas

## SAFETY FIRST

Soldier on furlough—"Why are you saluting everyone?"

Second soldier on furlough—"Well, I'm not taking any chances; I still can't tell the difference between a Greyhound Bus driver and an Airforce lieutenant."

—Carol Maki

## EPI-TAPS

Scattered are the ashes of Pfc.

Porter—  
Looked down the muzzle of the battery mortar!

The Old Sea Dog named his Sands Street babe "Flapper" because she was always having to be painted, her topmast was loose, and it was hard to keep any rigging on her.

## Functions Of The Steel Helmet

The steel helmet is the most versatile piece of equipment in the soldier's repertoire. Among it's many uses are as follows:

**SEAT:** Comes in handy on sustained marches or during impromptu field poker games. May be uncomfortable at first but contour of body will soon blend in with helmet.

**WASH BASIN:** In areas without running water helmet provides excellent means for washing, shaving, sponge bathing. Simple to drain. Just tip over.

**COOKING VESSEL:** Used primarily with coal stove. Remove stove lid and helmet fits conveniently in place. Hot water in a jiffy. Caution: Helmet turns black. Keep hidden from C. O. May gig you for doing own house-keeping.

**DIRT REMOVER:** When digging latrine or fox hole helmet can be used to remove loose dirt from excavation. Has high displacement value.

**SHIP RECEPTACLE:** Hang at head of bed while traversing stormy seas. Will save innumerable trips to the rail.

**MOSQUITO CATCHER:** Ideal for catching elusive mosquitoes. Saves trouble of killing animal by hand. Confined to hel-

met for reasonable time, animal will perish from nausea.

As a secondary function, the steel helmet may also be used when the enemy starts shooting. Merely place on head and wear.

—L. W., Westington Springs, S. D.

### A HOT WELCOME

There was a fire in the WAC Detachment Barracks at Camp Wehh last week. The boys of the post fire department unit were right on the job, however, and put the fire out in fifteen minutes. But it took an hour and a half to put out the G. I. fire ladders.

### A DELUXE PUPPY

Top Junior was helping another pint-sized hellion sell a litter of puppies at a downtown corner the other Saturday morning. A passerby stopped to ask the price of the pups.

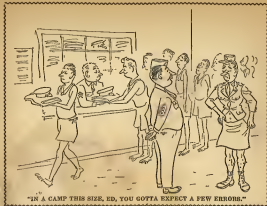
"They're a dollar apiece, mister — except for that speckled one over there. He's a dollar and ten cents."

The man stared at the designated puppy. "But what makes that one worth a dime more, son?"

The Post Brst frowned darkly. "The sonofagun just swallowed my Eskimo Pie after I only he eat lick at it!"

• • •

We will now sing that Hit Parade ditty, "He started a run in her stockings, so she gave him a sock in the jaw."



As the Chinese Reds unleashed a sudden artillery barrage that rocked the hills in its fury, the young Marine dived into a nearby slit trench. Immediately, another fellow came hurtling in on top of him.

The young Marine yelled above the din, "You a man?"

"Stop being funny," came the Amalgam reply. "I'm the platoon sergeant."

"It's real comfortin' to hear your nice, gentle voice, Sarge," said the youngster. "I was waitin' for you to explode."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

### A TOUGH BLOW

A couple of privates in the Armed Forces were standing in a railroad station, loaded down with their luggage. They were being transferred from their training station to another location and as they waited for their train, one of them said:

"You know, I'm kind of sorry we have to leave this place."

"You are?" asked the other in a surprised voice.

"Yes," was the answer. "I was just getting used to the funnies in the local newspaper."

—Dan Bennett

## SERVED HIM RIGHT

An Air Force general, inspecting a naval air base, asked for and obtained permission to take one of the new flying boats up for a trial spin.

After circling the area several times, the general prepared to land the plane, meanwhile continuing to comment over his shoulder to the young naval officer with him. The lieutenant, noticing that the air force man was about to land the big seaplane on the concrete runway, finally interrupted to remind the general that the plane was not equipped with wheels.

When a proper landing had been made on the bay, the general shook hands with the lieutenant. "I don't mind telling you, son," he said, "You saved me from making a mighty foolish mistake back there."

The young navy man deftly changed the subject, remarking that the general handled the plane excellently, not being used to such a heavy ship.

"Well, at any rate," laughed the general, "I hope I won't ever forget again what kind of plane I'm in."

The two exchanged salutes, and the general stepped quickly through the open hatchway—into the cold waters of the bay.

—P. L. Mead

## BACKWARD MARCH!

A self-trained battalion of rough backwoodsmen volunteered for service in the war. The general admired their fine physique, but doubted the capacity of their elected commander to handle them.

"Colonel," said the general, "I'd like to see your men at work. Call them to attention and order them to close formation to the left flank."

"Boys!" shouted the colonel, "Look wild thar! Make ready, thicken, and go left endwaysa . . . Tote your guns! . . . GIT!"

The maneuver was a success, the battalion was accepted, and the colonel got his commission.

—O. P. F., Frankfort, Ind.

## LET'S BE THANKFUL

Three GI's were asleep in a foxhole in the front line when they were suddenly awakened by a terrific crash not far away.

"What was that — thunder or bombs?" asked one of them.

"Bombs," came a laconic answer.

"Thank goodness for that," chimed in the third, as he prepared to go to sleep again. "I thought for a minute we were going to have more rain!"

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

Take it from the Post Tailor, a G. I. can't be affectionate and still keep that crease in his trousers.

## THERE'S A REASON

Once there was a sailor  
And he loved his Maisie true.  
He never wooed in distant ports  
As other sailors do,  
I know this sounds fantastic  
But that sailor was true-blue  
(Maisie's father was his captain  
Her six brothers were the crew.)

—Kathryn Gelander

An army recruit tells of the tough sergeant who gave him a lecture on how the new army tried to keep brothers together in the service.

The sergeant asked the recruits: "Anybody here got a brother he wants to be with?"

One rookie held up his hand.

"Where is your brother?" the sergeant asked.

"Home," said the rookie.

The sergeant put him on K.P.

—D. G. K., San Francisco, Cal.

## WELL-NAMED

Hayfoot: "Wonder why Sergeant O'Callahoon calls his wife 'Ax-Head'."

Strawfoot: "Could he 'cause she keeps flying off the handle."

## HOW UNKIND!

The company had just returned from a 10 mile hike under full pack. The corporal slipped into the orderly room after dismissal and sank wearily into a chair.

"What's the matter, corporal," the O. D. asked, "The lead all gone to the bottom?"

—D. T., Stillwater, Ok.

## PROMOTE THAT MAN

The green recruit and the corporal had just been given a rough going over by the First Sergeant as they did their stint on the obstacle course. Now, amid continued verbal blasts, he ordered them to watch him demonstrate the correct way of swinging on ropes across a stream bedded with boulders.

For minutes, the recruit looked on with mounting apprehension. Then he asked the corporal, "But what if one of those ropes should break with the sergeant?"

The two-striper sized him up with a look of newly born appreciation.

"You may be a long way from being a good soldier, Junior," he said, "but you're beginning to do some very fine soldierly thinking."

—E. M., Troy, N. Y.

## COMPLAINT DEPT.

Convicted of treason and sentenced to be shot, the prisoner was marched three miles to the execution site. A heavy rain fell as the sullen prisoner snarled at the sergeant of the firing squad: "Why trudge this distance in the rain?"

"Look who's griping," snarled the sergeant. "You can stay here, but we gotta march back."

—H. L., Ft. Worth, Texas



## The Readers' Page

An Open Forum for Our Fun-Loving Friends

(A Colorful Jayhawk souvenir sticker is sent to each reader whose comments are used on this page.)

### LOUSIEST JOKE BOOK?

DEAR CHARLEY, A winner of mine has bought one of your books and upon glancing over it I find it one of, if not THE loudest joke books I have read. On your February Reader's Page I find a letter which seems to agree with my comments.

All I can say is that if that letter is your first brick, the only reason it must require don't figure it worth their while to write about it. Which is precisely my idea except that "first brick" line got me. Signed/ A. B. A. O. I - A. T. Marshall, 16755 - N. 8th St., HMCB Sherwood, Hartmann, Nova Scotia, Canada.

DEAR CHARLEY, Did anyone ever tell you your Reader's Page is very uncollected? Well, so it is - always a real on the back never a kick in the pants (or would it be you don't print 'em)?

Well, I'll make it "readable" - Like the old guy made the Laugh Book all what she used to be. Either you "eat" it (for it was as good as in any State day school library) or the postal inspectors got you.

Maybe there should be two Laugh Books - one for the "low brow", one for the "nice people". Personally, I'd like more of the stuff the nice people takes their eyebrows at. It's the stuff that originally made the Laugh Book and I'm betting a lot of others would too.

Yes, I know - "There's one in every office and you can't please all the people etc., etc." of E. March, Kansas City, Mo.

Okay, okay. Once again we'll go on record and state that we ALWAYS welcome constructive criticism. The only trouble is that the readers who write this type of letter either do not give us a full name and address or else they do not offer any concrete suggestions for bettering the publication.

We recall a couple of years ago we ran a feature called *Ohio and Me* for several months. However, after a steady barrage of reader protests, we discontinued it. We are very keenly interested in reader reaction whether it is good or bad.

Anybody else out there with a brick they want to toss at us?

### MORE GUY CHUCKLES?

DEAR CHARLEY, Just not finished reading another edition of your Laugh Book and I wouldn't mind one edition of it. Boy, this book can really get a guy up when he feels down in the dumps.

Keep up the good work, Charley. The boys here in the MP's all enjoy the book. We just take turns in reading it and sometimes you get a chance to read it twice.

So, Janey, what about getting in a few more anecdotes about the boys in service? They are alright. Sgt. Joe F. Holmstrom, Rm 213635, 219TH AU, MP DET, APO 64 4/0 PM San Francisco, Calif.

Well, Joe, this is the way it is: We have a wide variety of readers including housewives, milkmaids, office workers, executives, students, servicemen, etc., etc. So we try to put in humor that will appeal to everyone. We are constantly looking for good GUY humor, however, and will do our utmost to gather up as many as we can get our hands on.

### RECIPE DEPARTMENT

DEAR CHARLEY, I have been reading Laugh Book since 1959 and certainly enjoy it. I think my specimen enjoys a good clean laugh and I love to hunt and fish.

So, Charley, how in my problem? Now between hunting and fishing I have to

thinking back. It seems, no matter how hard I try or how good it seems in the kitchen, my sandwiches and snacks always come dry and flat in the field or on the lake.

I am wondering if any Laugh Book readers have uncommon recipes for sandwiches or snacks prepared in the field or at the shore. If they would send them to me I would certainly appreciate it. Maybe I can get out of my rut. Yours for humor (they couldn't be better) Laugh Books, Mrs. Nita List, RR#4, Charleston, Illinois.

Never let it be said that Laugh Book turned down a hungry sportsman, weary and worn from eating dry sandwiches. If any reader has a tasty snack recipe that he is selfishly hoarding, let Mrs. List have it. We can't have her munching on stale sandwiches while she is hunting or fishing.

### BACK ISSUE BANTER

DEAR CHARLEY, Believe it or not I just completed the whole set. I HAVE EVERY ISSUE THAT YOU EVER PRINTED OF THE LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE. I don't believe I would all the set even though I was offered "breakdown" hundred dollars for it.

As I entertain at night and sometimes in the daytime, your books have added a lot to my personality and humor. These books add that little something that's worth more than money and really makes money for you. You have a steady customer in me as long as you print the magazine. At Marshall Bommer, 390 Chancellor Ave., Newark, N. Jersey 109.

DEAR CHARLEY, I was happy to help Mr. Hyatt locate No. 2, 4 and 16 of the Laugh Book. If your other readers have such difficulty, I'll be only too glad to do the same for them. Just send me the "hard-to-get" dates and I will locate them. At Harry E. Denen, 1065 Creston Ave., New York 12, New York.

DE R CHARLEY, I sure would complete my collection of Lar. Do you oppose any of your readers willing to part with the 3rd and 6th through the 16th editions? 15th and 16th editions. If I can my collection will be complete. Sincerely yours, Joe, Los Angeles, Calif.

PEN  
DEAR CHAR

## Last Roundup Of Rare, Old Laugh Books!



### HURRY! HURRY!

They're going fast. We filed away the 15th edition a few days ago and now Number 14 is going off the market too. So get your order in quick for the scarce issues we still have in stock. Round up every Laugh Book you can to complete your collection!

First Edition (1944) . . . . .	50c
Third Edition (1946) . . . . .	50c
11th Edition (May '48) . . . . .	50c
12th Edition (Aug. '48) . . . . .	50c
14th Edition (Feb. '49) . . . . .	50c
18th Edition (Sept. '49) . . . . .	50c
December 1949 . . . . .	50c

Any Five of Above Issues  
\$2.00

All twelve Laugh Book issues of 1950 and 1951 still available in limited quantities.

Each-40c—Any three \$1.00  
I'll put your Library of America's (first humor now before more issues disappear forever from the market. Order today before it's too late!)

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO  
**LAUGH BOOK  
MAGAZINE**  
438 N. Main - Wichita, Kans.



# SUBSCRIBE NOW! Big 3rd Edition FREE!

LAUGH AND LIVE LONGER! Be the life of the party with Laugh Book Magazine, the country's funniest magazine crammed each month with good things to laugh about.

• BE THE FIRST WITH THE NEW JOKES AND GAGS. While they last we are including a FREE copy of the famous Third Edition, one of the finest battle-busting, butt-busting collections of humor ever put between covers. Don't wait—the Third Edition is fast becoming a collector's item!

☐ Sign me up for a year (12 big issues) of Laugh Book Magazine and rush me that stupendous Third Edition! I'm enclosing three dollars.

☐ I want to save a buck! Put me down for two years (24 rib-tickling issues) of Laugh Book Magazine. I'm enclosing five dollars.

☐ My serviceman friend and I both want to laugh regularly. I'm enclosing five bucks. Send us both a "milk" subscription and rush me a Third Edition. It is below my friend's name and address in the margin.

Rush me this terrific collection described on back cover:

- ☐ Joker's Special . . . . . (\$2.00)
- ☐ Sick Friends . . . . . (\$2.00)
- ☐ Out House Social . . . . . (\$2.00)
- ☐ Super-Whorl . . . . . (\$2.00)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

LAUGH BOOK  
MAGAZINE

Kans.

ber of your Laugh Book magazines and they sure gave my morale a big lift. Keep 'em coming! I am a patient in the Royal Ottawa Sanatorium and I find I have a lot of spare time. I like writing letters, but most of all I like to receive them. Would it be possible for you to get me some pen pals?

Perhaps some lovely servicemen would be interested in writing to an 18 year old, blue-eyed blonde? I will try to be a faithful penpal and I would be very grateful to you if you would do this for me as I am very lonely. Yours sincerely, Miss Margaret Gorman, Whitney Bldg., Royal Ottawa Sanatorium, Ottawa, 3, Ontario, Canada.

DEAR CHARLEY. I enjoy reading your magazine so do my friends. I think it would be a good idea for your magazine to feature a section that might encourage the correspondence of the boys in the Armed Forces and the people back home.

All the boys that I know who have been in the armed services have stressed time and time again that their letters certainly do come in handy. Here's hoping I receive some penpals and good luck in you and the magazine. Yours very truly, Miss Marjorie Bradfield, 134 Aurora Street, Lancaster, New York.

DEAR CHARLEY: I have a hobby of writing. If possible, I would like to write to some handsome servicemen. I hope every girl should write to some boy in service and keep up his thoughts of his civilian life. My Barbara J. is in Ft. R. A. Apt. 1, Milwaukee, 3, Wis.

DEAR CHARLEY: I would like to receive letters from servicemen and write to them. I would appreciate it very much if you would put my name in the next issue. Yours truly, Ora Burgess, 3445 NE 43rd, Portland, 14, Oregon.

DEAR CHARLEY. Had a copy of your Laugh Book passed on to me. It sure do get around. I wonder would any of you penpals like a pen pal. I love writing in my spare time. My Betty Barrett, 100 Gilbey, Derby, England.

DEAR CHARLEY. When I don't have any more of my Jones or I didn't know was wanted or not. New York City. I found out his boy's name and I hope to meet him for pen pals. Yours truly, Miss.

Introducing The --

# Servicemen's Super Special

Laughs Galore  
TO BRIGHTEN UP THE  
BARRACKS

# 20 Big Back Issues

MAGAZINE SENT TO  
FREE

to keep  
the GI  
happy

# Bargain Bundles

Jan. 1934 with  
Mirth & Merriment



ORDER TODAY! While They Last

COLLECTIONS OF WIT AND  
SPARKLING CO. PARTIES, SPEAKERS,  
HUMOR FOR EVERY OCCASION

TRIPS AND

most unusual offer we've ever made or  
we's the story:

This is the best and  
probably ever will make!

Out in the storage ro-  
ber copies of the Laugh  
are just like old wheat in  
each edition the stock get  
haven't go- a to  
know to do off

a we  
Book  
the B  
bigg  
ar

an overstock of back r  
here back number p  
back

sist. Origh  
your back:

John's Book  
12 & 14 (5  
for 3-4  
of the  
Court

15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100



## Charley Jones' Laugh Book Magazine vol.8 #10 (1953)

Scanned from cover to  
cover from the original  
by jedyanimator.

What you are reading  
does not exist, except  
as electronic data.

Support the writers,  
artists, publishers  
and booksellers so  
they can provide you  
with more entertain-  
ment.

**Buy an original!**